







Idward Jefe Ege from Idward Jeffard



## POEMS,

### POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS:

WRITTEN BY

MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY,

AND

COLLECTED AND PRINTED

FOR

PRIVATE CIRCULATION

BY

EDWARD GIFFARD, Esq.

A Property of the same of the

LONDON:

1843.

PR1221

11806

205449

A WELLELL STANDS

CONTRACTOR AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE P

### PREFACE.

To gratify my own feelings, and, I hope, those of a few surviving friends, and of an extending family, I have made in this little volume a selection of verses written on several occasions by my father, Sir Hardinge Giffard. The most considerable, "Or nge," published in Dublin in 1796, anonymously, (but not unavowedly) obtained considerable popularity, and went rapidly through several editions. Some of the others appeared in periodical papers. A few were privately printed during my father's residence in Ceylon and Lyme Regis; Courtenay and Carew, and Giffard's Leap, I found in manuscript.

So fugacious are personal and political allusions, that notwithstanding the great vogue and popularity of "Orange," there are some passages which even those who read it at its publication, and whom I have consulted, have not been able to explain satisfactorily—but

these are but few, and the general vigor of the verses, and the obvious pleasantry of the original notes, will I hope compensate for some occasional obscurities, which, in all such works, the lapse of a very few years must inevitably produce.

The other poems are chiefly of a local and personal interest—and though they may have little attraction for the general reader, will, I hope, be received and read with interest by those to whom I destine the very few copies which I have had printed: and the rather as I have added to them some verses, by the first known poetess of our family, as well as some by the last.

E. G.

London, 17th March, 1843.

## CONTENTS.

## Part I.

On the Memory of Lady Joan Wyndham	3
Orange, Canto I	5
" " " II 17	7
,, - ,, III 38	5
Notes 53	3
The Rats	9
Macdermot's Ghost 6	4
At 12 12 12 12 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	
Part II.	
Furt II.	
Lyme Regis	1
Courtenay and Carew 29	
Giffard's Leap 4	1
To Fame 4	6
On visiting Brightley 4	7
The Laurestinus, Sweet Pea, and Oak 4	9
Invasion of Ireland 5	1
To Eliza 5	3
On being in Kildare 5	4

### CONTENTS.

The Pilgrim		55
Catherine		58
Ode for the Jubilee		70
On leaving Dundrum		65
Roncesvalles		67
St. Michael's Mount		70
Peace		75
Arthur of Dangan		76
The Andaman Boy		78
Dundrum, 1817		81
To Harold		83
St. Helena		88
Kandi		90
Home		90
Wedded love		91
Bawl Blockheads, bawl	•	93
Sirmio		94
To Harriet		95
July 23rd, 1822		97
,, ,, 1823		98
,, ,, 1824		99
,, ,, 1825		100
,, , 1826		101
On the illness of George III		102
Ode to poverty		104
On the King's Birthday		105
Ode to Care		109

CONTENTS.						vii.	
Morning						Page. 109	
Moonlight .							
Farewell for ev	er					111	
Reflection						112	
Chapter of Kin	ıgs					113	
Shakespeare						116	
Γo my Father's	s Pictur	e				119	
On Anna's Sec	ond Bir	thda	у			122	

1 1 1 0 0 1

.

### ERRATA.

#### PART I.

Page 30, Note on line 277, for ingenius read ingenious., 52, line 352, for Osbory read Ossory.

### PART II.

Page 19, line 2, for flote read float.

- ,, 19, line 11, for shawments read strewments.
- ,, 20, line 8, for hour read power.
- ,, 22, line 23, for would read could.
- " 33, line 23, for does read dares.
- " 34, line 7, for feet read foot.
- ,, 35, line 9, for throw read thrown.
- ,, 37, line 30. for wandering read wondering.
- ,, 38, Note, for tooleaux read torteaux.
- ,, 43, line 17, for spot read sport.
- ,, 77, line 12, for strongest read strong St. Sebastian.
- ,, 102, line 4, for form read foam.
- ,, 102, line 23, for dispair read despair.
- ,, 122, line 19, for pillow read pillow'd.

## POEMS.

PART I.

POLITICAL.

8111111

J. state

JENOTETEL

### POEMS.

THE first of the family of GIFFARD of whose poetical talents we have a specimen was Margaret, daughter of Colonel John GIFFARD, of Brightley, whose verses on the death of her Grandmother Joan, daughter of Sir Henry Portman, of Orchard, in Somersetshire, who died in 1633, were written before she was eighteen, and with those of my Father and eldest Sister, form the contents of this little volume.

# ON THE MEMORY OF THE MOST HONOURABLE AND VIRTUOUS LADY, THE LADY JOAN WYNDHAM.

Two orchards\* had a several right to thee, A Portman's graft, a Wyndham's fruitful tree. The one gave her life and being, but the other, Made her a fruitful wife and happy mother; She on her Orchard, like a dew distilled, And all her house with a rich plenty filled. Wisdom she made her guide, and Providence The measure of her fair and large expense; So that the fountain never was drawn dry Of her most constant hospitality. She skilfully putting the same in cure,

<sup>\*</sup> Sir John Wyndham, her husband, resided at *Orchard* Wyndham, in the county of Somerset, and her father, Sir John Portman's seat was at *Orchard*, in the same county.

And hence she made her Knight's dear heart secure. The greater is his loss, but that he knew, The sun at length exhales the fruitful dew. But no less happy in her motherhood, She had a numerous issue, and a good, For nine brave sons she educated saw In arts, in arms, in courtship and in law.\* Which they assumed not, as is now the fashion, Only for refuge, but for recreation: They needed not those helps for to increase Their private portions, but their country's peace. Besides six daughters whom her prudent care, And pattern framed as virtuous as fair, And all in freshest flower of their age, She saw with comfort joined in marriage. By whom, to make her happiness the more, She saw her childrens' childrens happy store. Faithful and happy, fruitful, full of days, God took her hence, with her immortal praise: For 'twas not fit an Orchard here below, Should keep the tree that should in Eden grow!

### MARGARET GIFFARD.

<sup>\*</sup> Sir Hugh Wyndham, the sixth son, was a Judge of the Common Pleas, and Sir Wadham Wyndham, the seventh son, was one of the Justices of the King's Bench, and father of Thomas Wyndham, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

### THE FOLLOWING POEM,

ENTITLED

## ORANGE;

A POLITICAL RHAPSODY,

WHICH PASSED THROUGH SEVERAL EDITIONS,

WAS INSCRIBED TO

JOHN CLAUDIUS BERESFORD, Esq.

Representative in Parliament for the City of Dublin, 1798,

A LOYAL PROTESTANT GENTLEMAN, BY THE AUTHOR.



### CANTO I.

Ρ,

WHY am I silent?—Why, in times like these, When Vice and Treason lord it as they please—When G (rattan) every hour our ears assails, With his mad grand-sire's Jacobitish tales, And with forgotten slanders, seeks to draw 5 Contempt upon the honours of Nassau—

Line 4. It is not to be supposed, as some have idly done, that this renowned orator had no grand-father. I remember him very well, a mad Jacobite parson, hanging upon the humours of Dean Swift, and feeding the spleen and weakness of that great genius.—P. R.

When C (urran) blasted, black with every crime—
The pimp, the cuckold, parasite, and mime,
Without one claim to worth or honour, tries
A patriot on the vulgar voice to rise—
10
When public virtue is not found to soar,
Beyond such things as F (letcher) T (ighe) and
H (oare.)

When conquering William's long established fame Sinks into rivalry with Grattan's name. In vain old Boyne beheld his silver flood Stain'd with commingled streams of kindred blood, In vain did Aughrim's wild and barren plain, Tremble and groan beneath the heaps of slain— In vain did Limerick's now dismantled wall, See the last hopes of luckless Stuart fall— Vain were the glories of La Hogue, and vain The countless blessings of three George's reign— Since fell Democracy, of Gallic birth, Roams from her native den to plague the earth; And brutal Bigotry on Erin's shore, 25 Hails her with savage yell, and kindred roar, Demands her aid, a fellow fiend to save, And snatch expiring Popery from the grave;

Line 7, C——. Who this means I am not able to guess; certainly no living character can deserve such attributes.

Line 12. F—r, T—e, H—e, The first of these blanks is a real name, being intended to disguise a great man, who had a pretty smattering of oratory in the late parliament. What T—e, means, I am equally ignorant of; and as for the last, I am inclined to guess it should rhyme to sour.—George Faulkner, jun.

Lines 15, 17, 19, 21. Boyne, Aughrim, Limerick, and La Hogue, are the names of rivers in which great victories by land and sea were obtained by King William, of glorious memory; he having been killed on a sorrel horse on his

way to Kensington.—G. F. jun.

Line 22. George I. II. III. of whose reigns a very impartial history hath been lately written with great virulence by Dr. Belsham, a Presbyterian Parson; and to be had at the Printer's hereof.—Ditto.

Line 25. Erin was the old name of Ireland.-Dr. Ledwich

To join, with frantic zeal, the mutual cause, And tear down William's church and William's laws.

F.

But why thus speak in allegoric trope? Mean you that France is bringing in the Pope? If so, speak out! but oh! forbear to raise The false alarms of Titus Oates's days.

P.

No! though my soul the bigot race abhor, 35 "I only slay them in the trade of war;"
Nor like the Puritan's malignant race,
Would I their lives with perjured blood hounds chase;

For Russel's memory rouses all my hate, While I deplore the gentle Stafford's fate; 40 And scorning Rome's infallible pretence, Can mourn with Pelham an afflicted Prince.

### F.

Forbear, my friend, to tempt the dangerous theme; Seek not, with puny strength, to check the stream.

Line 34. Titus Oates was a Jesuit, and turned Clergyman for a reward, which he got by prosecuting Lord Stafford and other Popish Priests.—G. F. jun.

Line 36. "Tho' in the trade of War I have slain men,
"Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
"To do no contrived murder." Shakespeare,

Line 39. Lord Russel, an ancestor of the present Duke of Bedford, who was beheaded for high treason with several others of that loyal family.—G. F. jun.

Line 40. For the persecution of this innocent nobleman,

see Hume's England, vol. viii. p. 112.

Line 42. See Sir Hercules Langrishe's exultation upon the downfall of the Pope, as a temporal Prince, and Mr. Pelham's spirited rebuke.—5th May, 1795.

Let not your venturous rashness idly dare
The midnight vengeance of the *Union Star*.
And tho' the raging Northern Star be set,
Beware the fury of the Cork Gazette!
Malignant Gilbert on your life will scowl;
And vulgar Cooney raise the murderous howl. 50
Think how unlucky Swift\* had cause to rue,
At least, as mad a Protestant as you;
Nor hope for help; will cautious Faulkner dare,
For one unknown to wage the wordy war?

P.

Alone, unaided, let me brave the field,
Nor meanly to superior numbers yield.
Arm'd with an honest pride, and patriot soul,
Who shall my heart's indignant rage controul?
Since no malicious spleen directs the dart,
Nor aims, like Swift, to rend a female heart,
60
Let the whole tribe their troop of scribblers rally,
From plodding Hardy down to Mac Anally;

Line 46. Will posterity believe, can our contemporaries believe, that a publication is on foot in the City of Dublin, periodically devoting to the knives of the assassins a certain number of our fellow subjects, obnoxious only for their loyalty?—Vide Proclamation.

Line 47. The Northern Star, during its existence, kept up in Ulster those commotions which ceased on its sup-

pression.

Line 48. The Cork Gazette is also expired.

Lines 49, 50. The Evening and Morning Post. The former is conducted by a madman, named Magee, contrary to law; whose father-in-law, Mr. Gilbert, hath the trouble of doing all the mischief, and yet getting none of the profit. The latter is very scurrilous, and hath been in the pillory—G. F., jun.

Line 51. This is my journal, and, I hope, conducted with that due decorum for which myself, father, and uncle have been famous long before my birth, which took place

on or about June, 1779.—Ditto.

\* Theophilus Swift, then convicted of a libel on Trinity College.

Line 62. Messrs. Hardy and Mac Anally, two Counsel-

Let coxcomb Burroughs wield his fribble pen, And sulky Fletcher issue from his den, Curran and Hoare their kindred souls combine, 65 And doubtful Sheridan their party join; Tho' their discordant clamour rend the skies, A LOYAL PROTESTANT their rage defies.

### F.

Why, this is madness! Protestant alone Would damn you quite;—but, to defend the throne, 'Tis mere insanity.—Farewell! I'm sure 71 You're either past, or else not worth a cure.

### Ρ.

Farewell! Good Heaven! and do I see the time When Loyalty is only not a crime! When the deep Orange, and the azure Blue, 75 Conceal their blended dyes from public view; When Nassau's memory, our great fathers boast, Lives only in an half forgotten toast?—But tho' degenerate Irish, lost to shame, Should slight their great deliverer's sacred name, 80 Shall they, whose fathers shed with him their blood, By Schomberg led, o'er Boyne's disputed flood—

lors and writers of speeches. Those composed by the former, are spoken by that celebrated orator, Mr. Grattan, who is an original genius. Those made by the latter, are spoken by himself and other *defenders*, on their trials for High Treason.—*Ditto*.

Line 63, et seq. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mem.—None of these shall appear on my boards.—Fred.

Lines 82 and 83. Schomberg and Callimote, the generals of the French Protestants on the 1st of July, 1690,

Who followed Callimote at Glory's call—And saw their hated persecutors fall;
Saw coward James the raging contest leave, 85
While doubtful conquest struggled with the wave—Shall men, whose fathers fill'd that gallant band,
And shared their proud reward—the conquered land;

Shall they, without hot indignation, hear Their prince the butt of every coxcomb's sneer?90 Or, with a guilty indolence retire, And view Sedition fan the rising fire? Shame on ye, Hugonots! Your generous sires Resisted Popery even amidst her fires: Tho' madly loval, yet renounc'd their king, And all the joys their native land could bring, Firm to the pure religion they professed— Retaining that, they freely gave the rest: And shall their sons be meanly now supine, When the two glorious principles combine? When the same hearts that would their faith defend, Find in their sovereign its approved friend. All are not timid: see you generous band, Whose manly spirit yet may save the land, True to the principles they dare pursue, Still twine the Orange with the Loyal Blue; And blend together in one glorious cause, Their King, Religion, Liberty, and Laws. In vain shall Popery's malignant yell, In vain Democracy with voice of Hell, 110

when they encouraged their troops to victory by such expressions as these:

"A la gloire, mes enfans—a la gloire!
"Voila vos persecuteurs!"

Leland.

Line 93. Hugonots, French Protestants so called, settled at Portarlington and other places by the revocation of the edict of Nantz.—G. F., jun.

Line 103. The Orange Lodges, which bid fair to support the glorious revolution principles of Religion and Government in spite of the *united* assaults of Messrs Grattan, Byrne, Keogh, and Co.—P. R.

And venal orators—an hateful race—
Arouse their currish scribblers to the chase.
Aloof, the coward pack may howl and cry,
This patriot band shall all their rage defy;
And onward urging, with unvarying toil,
Shall save or perish on their native soil.
Nor these alone the glorious cause support,
Tho' now abandon'd by a cautious court;
That court whose timid policy descends
To soothe its enemies, and slight its friends; 120
And seeking in a prudent mean to steer,
Makes dubious friends—but enemies sincere.

Manly and firm, tho' Campen guide the state, With honest pride and conscious worth elate, Still must each bold resolve delay to cool, 125 In the chill prudence of the Portland school. Tho' Foster's sense combine with vigorous Clare, Treason to daunt, and fell Sedition scare: Yet Popish L (angrishe) or more Popish B (rowne) With insincerity their force shall drown, 130 And, by divided councils weakly shew The State unable to contend with Keogh.

But see unshaken Duigenan boldly stand, And face with proud contempt the rebel band, While his strong truth the prudent Senate awes, And forces even from Popery, applause; 136 Unawed by dread, by interest unrestrained, He only seeks for fame by honour gained;

Line 129. L——e. This gentleman is an ingenious poet and Baronet, being the author of "Catholic Emancipation," and several copies of obscene verses, which he handeth about amongst the young ladies of his acquaintance.—G. F. jun.

B—e. This gentleman is not a defender, neither does he live in the county of Kildare; he is a Privy Counsellor;

in Parliament for the county of Mayo .- Ditto.

Line 132. Doctor Duigenan insisteth that this is not rhyme, in as much as *shew* and *lough* would not rhyme together; which, saith he, is the true and natural pronunciation of the word Keogh.—Ditto.

b

And fixed in principle, in truth sincere, Stands unseduced by favour or by fear.

140

Tired and disgusted with the venal crew,
Too soon our OGLE from his post withdrew;
His glowing heart, with patriot zerl inspired,
Too soon with honest indignation fired.
He turned, contemptuous, from the paltry tribe,
Whose soul is interest, and whose Gop a bribe!
And too unmindful of his country's call,
Abandoned them and her to meet their fall.

On no one man depends our country's fate,
Tho' e'er so good, so noble and so great:
Does not the chartered fortress of our laws,
The proud Metropolis, sustain her cause?
Do not her loyal citizens oppose
At once their King's, and their religion's foes?
Did not their justice spurn the base ingrate
155
Who both insulted and betrayed their state?
Did they not drive the viper to his hole,
With his own venom to corrode his soul?
Did they not drive him from the cheerful light,
An hateful reptile, odious to the sight?
160
So did old Tredagh send her faithless swain
To seek for seats beyond the western main.

Line 142. The Right Honourable George Ogle, who has, to the unspeakable loss of the Protestant cause, retired from Parliament. The county which he represented has, however, as an handsome tribute to his spirit, elected a Protestant gentleman to succeed him.—P. R.

Line 152. The metropolis has from the beginning opposed the late ill-advised innovations. Their representative took the first opportunity in his power to insult and betray them. He privately solicited a re-election, which not being likely to befall him, he, like the fox in the fable, affected to despise the object he could not hope to attain.—P.R.

Line 161. Tredagh. The ancient name of Drogheda.

"Oft on a car Buvindus saw me ride

"From Tredagh's Towers along his verdant side."

Preston's Poems, vol. 1, p. 41.

Faithless swain. The late J—F—s, Esq.

So did his—Hold! the dead demand repose: There let him rest, forgot by friends and foes.

Tho' Charlemont, fast dropping from the stage, May trim or tremble, imbecile with age, His former steadiness our praise demands, When he restrain'd mad Ulster's furious bands.

When the sly Presbyter his weakness found, And saw how vain his strength the church to wound, 170

With native craft he sought a dear ally, Ev'n in the hated form of Popery; Long have they laboured with increasing hate Each of the other, both against the state; Ev'n yet they hope, from malice well combined, 175 Their grand reward in anarchy to find.

To check this league did Charlemont stand forth, Great in his character of Patriot worth, Treason appalled, shrunk from his awful eye, And Faction saw her dearest prospects die, 180 Until, alas! th' expiring spark was blown Into fresh fury by the breath of Tone.\*

Shade of Eliza, bending from the skies,
Behold a Popish seminary rise!
Behold even those upon your bounty fed,
By sordid fear or sordid interest led,
Worship the golden Idol of the day,
And at his shrine their adoration pay;
And heedless of your glory or their own,
By Popish aliens represent the Gown.

Line 177. The answer of this venerable and patriotic Nobleman to the Belfast address, in 1784, delayed for nearly eight years the combined assault of Papists and Presbyterians on the established church and constitution.—P. R.

\* Theo. Wolfe Tone, Secretary of the United Irishmen and Catholic Delegates, taken in the Hoche, in 1798.

Line 190. The College of Dublin, founded by that Protestant Princess Elizabeth, returns two members to Parliament; one of their own body, who is a firm and loyal Protestant, was lately rejected, and a person not even educated

But why on Alma waste an angry thought? Have not our clergy the infection caught? Have not the dirty tricks of party trade, Plac'd on the reverend bench a RENEGADE? Does not the Cumbrian Priest in strains uncouth, Courting base Popery, slight the cause of Truth? And do they hope their foes to reconcile, By abject baseness and submission vile? Liffey as soon his refluent waves shall turn 200 Back to the hills to seek their native urn; Sooner Blaquiere shall scorn to seek a job, Or Duigenan court applauses from a mob-Loftus as soon, a sinking cause support— Or Tommy Burgh declaim against the court-Carhampton sooner fear the assassin's knife, Or Curran vindicate his injured wife; As soon shall Y(elverton) dispense the laws, And free from passion fairly hear a cause; Forbear to whimper at a Rebel's fate, Or crush a soldier with the law's whole weight; George become savage—Downs a bribe receive-Or Chamberlaine refuse a short reprieve— Sooner Latouche at misery shall rejoice, Or Toler hate the sound of his own voice; Than Popery shall a Protestant forgive, 215 Or suffer subject heretics to live.—

Oh! souls of Butler, Knipe and Hamilton,
Where is our pity for your sufferings gone?
Where that proud feeling of indignant rage
Which endless war should on your murderers
wage? 220

therein, but who had the merit of having always supported, and even outran, the wishes of Popery, was returned. Quod testor indignans!—P. D.

Line 213. That most excellent woman Mrs. Latouche, whose charities, extensive as they are, are too limited for her benevolent heart.

Line 220. It hath of late been much the practice with Protestant Clergymen, to get themselves murdered in order It sinks and chills to cold and prudent fear, Politeness would not shock a murderer's ear, And policy, so gentle, condescends To treat with murderers as our worthy friends.

But the the many by Sedition led, 225
May turn and tear the hand that gives them bread,
Let not our indiscriminating hate

Let not our indiscriminating hate,

Class the whole sect as hostile to the state;

Where gentle blood or learning's gentler power, Have smiled auspicious on the natal hour, 230

Kenmare or Bellew, bold in ancient pride,

May stem Sedition in her wildest tide;

Moylan or Troy, with Christian eloquence, May soothe the madding multitude to sense:

And the Back-lane should wield the threat'ning

rod, 23 Teach the wild herd to love their King and God.

No! 'tis the rancour of a bigot mind,
With traitorous democracy combined,
Such as in Hussey's Pastoral is seen,
Offspring of malice, virulence, and spleen;
Such as the vulgar crew were glad to vent,
In their disloyal Back-lane parliament;
Such as while treason last approached the throne,
Dropped from the pen of Secretary Tone;

to obtain a provision for their wives and families. This, a very sensible person, a Roman Catholic, hath assured me was the case with the above three gentlemen, the first of whom was a bachelor.—G. F. jun.

Line 239. Dr. Hussey, titular Bishop of Waterford, who hath lately written a very pretty *Pastoral*, in prose, entitled an Address to his Clergy, in which, amongst other things, he clearly proveth, that the Roman Catholic religion is

fitter for a republic than a monarchy.—G. F. jun.

Line 244. Mr. Tone, Secretary to the Popish Committee, and now supposed to be an exile in America. He was the original mover of sedition in Ireland, under the auspices of Napper Tandy. He was engaged in Jackson's treason and the Popish affairs, at the same time, and offered to carry information from this country to France, provided

Such as in Francis Street was heard to flow 245 From Byrne and Broughall, Lewines, Burke and Keogh.

'Tis this excites mine anger—this my soul Would lash from earth to hell—from pole to pole. Nor shall unmanly fear my soul dismay—No! let me drag the monsters into day; 250 My much-loved brethren of their danger warn, And bigot treason hold to public scorn.

Why fear? in conscious rectitude secure, Unplaced, yet loyal—tho' not noble, pure; Tho' far from rich, of independent mind, 255 And the' not shrewd, not obstinately blind; Why should I fear? their Union-star may rage, And with malignant guessings fill the page; Unknown to all my name obscure shall rest, Locked in the secrets of my single breast. 260 But if my sacrifice could serve the cause, My king, religion, or my country's laws, The self-devoted Decii's frantic deed, The madman Curtius, or his madder steed, Behind me far in history's page should fall, 265 And my prompt sacrifice out do them all: Popish sedition would I still defy, And as I live—a loyal Orange die.

he were well paid for his trip to England with the Delegates. An unexampled lenity suffered him to escape justice; a lenity which there is too much reason to fear may yet prove to have been very mischievous to this kingdom.—P. R.

### ORANGE.

### CANTO II.

TIME was—nor far removed that happy time, When Erin's muse could pour the sportive rhyme, When Twiss or Manly raised the frequent smile, Strutting in borrowed splendor round our isle;

Orange. I have been informed by the public, and my friends in general, that notwithstanding the precision, circumspection, accuracy, and learning of my notes upon this poem, this being the second canto, which, according to the immortal Hudibras, is the second book—I have overlooked and forgotten to explain the signification of the title, which, as I am told, is the principal part of a work: My late uncle having been always remarkable as a writer of titles, which he did to Swift's Works, Pope's Homer, Plutarch's Lives, and other Poets of the last age, in a style of superior learning and elegance, of which the above is a specimen. Orange is the name of a pleasant fruit which groweth in Spain, and is therefore called a China Orange, which are sold on Essexbridge and the Coal-quay, to the great annoyance of footpassengers, and others who ride along those streets, by slipping of horses upon the skins or peels thereof-of which the Paving Board, Lord Mayor, Apple-women, Sheriffs and other Magistrates, ought to be particularly careful, as well as accidents which happen by the over driving of bullocks and other enormities. Orange is also the name of a colour, a principality in France, and the Stadtholder of Holland, who was formerly King William the III. of glorious and immortal memory.—G. F. jun.

Line 3. Richard Twiss, Esq. F. R. S. &c. &c. &c. a notorious traveller into foreign parts, in particular Swadlinbar, Waterford, Spain, and the Obelisk in Stillorgan-park: He hath a very lively genius, having been several times kicked and tweaked by the nose, for his brilliant sallies in derogation of this country, while he was hospitably enteratained therein. He declined travelling into Connaught and

When at a coxcomb, proud in self-conceit,
Satire could laugh, while wisdom did not hate:
Then no dark politics our days disgrace,
Mantled the brow or gloomed the surly face—
Then social ease relaxed our cares to rest,
Nor feared a dagger in each neighbour's breast:10
Thoughtless of harm the peaceful rustic slept,
And women at old tales of murder wept.
Oft as the Sabbath closed the weekly toil,
The cheerful village brightened with a smile,
The ruddy damsel met her sun-burnt swain,
To lead the dancers on the neighbouring plain—
The scenes of Auburn rose confess'd to view,
And our sweet bard his glowing picture drew.

How shape'd the scene leading the scene is districted and scentling.

How chang'd the scene!—distrust and scowling gloom,

Flag with murk influence through the social room; The joke, the pun, the sprightly song, no more Set all the thoughtless table in a roar—Affrighted Comus flies the madding scene, And leaves mankind to politics and spleen.

No more the sportive muse of Murcia's plains, 25 Inspires her Preston's wit and attic strains—

the barony of Forth, those provinces being remarkable for hospitality and other savage customs; but was roughly handled, clawed, and bitten, by one of those barbarians in a coffee-house in London. Mr. Twiss hath, however, outlived the ingratitude of his enemies, whom he had so grossly injured, and his resemblance placed in a certain utensil, for which he went in the most public spirited manner to Paris, to see the execution of the late King Louis XVI. with which, and a new species of thistle, he returned safe to his native country, to the great embellishment of the arts and sciences.

Manly. Vide Preston's epistle.

Line 26. Preston. This gentleman hath written several works and poems, which he hath most patriotically printed by subscription, on the best Dutch paper and type, for the public benefit—the same being enriched with sundry engravings and other embellishments, which are of great service towards the understanding thereof.

No more do Jephson's sneer, or Courtenay's jibe Relax the muscles of the festive tribe— No more Fitzgerald's academic muse, Unbends from toil to brush the mountain dews:30 Even he, whose talents sway th' admiring bar, Or in the senate wield resistless war: Whose daring muse to glory might aspire, Restrains her soaring flight and ardent fire-And anxious only gainful pleas to draw, 35 Plods the dull round of politics and law, While classic Preston seeks a living tomb, Th' inglorious idol of a news-clubroom— Listless of fame, or quite content to gain, The vapid incense of Jos. Edkin's brain: 40

Line 27. Mr. Jephson hath written many humorous pieces, particularly the Count of Narbonne, Braganza, and other tragedies: He hath of late turned Plutarch's lives into verse, from the Greek, which he calleth Roman portraits, together with the history of Cleopatra—and is now engaged in writing a comedy upon the sad events which have happened in France—from which the Lord of his infinite mercy, preserve us.

Mr. Courtenay is also a descendant of the late Emperor of Constantinople, and author of many smart and biting sarcasms, parliamentary speeches and other poetic pieces.

Line 29. Fitzgerald. The Rev. Gerald Fitzgerald, F.T. C.D. and D.D. author of the Academic Sportsman, a pastoral, in verse; in which there is a poetical description of the Black Mountain, the River Dodder, and other artificial curiosities near Dublin—and a treatise on the Hebrew language, in support of the Revelations.

Line 31. This gentleman, as I am told, means Counsellor Charles Bushe, M. P. for the borough of Callan, and pupil of Mr. Samuel Whyte, at the English Grammar

School, No. 75, Grafton Street.

Line 40. Jos. Edkins. Keeper of the Dublin Library Society, Boydell's Shakespeare, Capt. Thomas Cunningham, and other curiosities. This gentleman is an author of good reputation, having with laudable industry and flagrant zeal made a collection of poems, by Mr. Charles Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Dr. Gilbourne, Mr. Tickell, Mrs. Battiere and other celebrated geniuses.

While Alma's muse, through learning's thorny road,

Leads the meek champion of the Christian God. Even Courtenay prostitutes a noble name, In the rank stews of democratic shame; And Jephson grown of sober dulness vain, 45 Plods in the drowsy biographic train. No more are rural peace and comfort found, But ruin, rage, and riot stalk around; The wakeful village, scorning honest toil, Sends forth the murderous band to nightly spoil— With Drennan's lies and maudlin whiskey warm, To rob and slaughter, to procure reform. Alike green youth and unresisting age, Yield up their lives to their infuriate rage; Not sacred robes their impious hands restrain, 55 And shrieking beauty pleads for life in vain. With idiot apathy we hear their cries, Hear their deep groans in sad succession rise; Like the blood-boltered Banquo's train they come, And stalk in grim procession to the tomb— 60 With wonder crazed, with fear and doubt perplexed,

We hardly rouse to ask—"Who falls the next?"
"Tis fell democracy, whose furious hand

The Captain is an ornament to his Majesty's navy, having lost several of his Majesty's cruisers with great credit, against Jack the Batchelor, the town of Rush, the Black Joke, and other notorious pirates—from which he has now retired upon his pension, and enjoys his otium cum dignitate (as my Lord Cloncurry saith) in an arm chair in said room, which he useth for the purpose of censuring his Majesty's person and government, with great spirit and loyalty, as he is in duty bound, having all his support from the bounty thereof.

Line 51. A very loyal Doctor of Physic, he having been acquitted and turned out of court, for publishing a treasonable libel; in which being a little man and of weak stature, he calleth upon the volunteers to help him in over-

turning his Majesty's person and government.

Stabs at the vital honour of our land,
Tears every infant virtue from the soil,
And fills our fields with turbulence and broil;
Bids man, unthinking of life's puny span,
Raise his mad arm to murder fellow man.

Alas! how short our little lease at best, How soon the busiest sink to endless rest; Even while we speak, while Satire pours her strain, Who sees not life and life's enjoyments vain?— Sees not young Beresford in fortune's bloom, Leave all his happiness to seek the tomb? Prudent, vet bold, in all the fire of youth 75 The soul of honour, lovalty, and truth. Dear to an honour'd father as his life, The doating husband of a lovely wife; A beauteous offspring rising to his view, His worth to learn and his fair course pursue. Who does not grieve to see him rudely torn, From his young honours won, but scarcely worn? One day to see him loyal, proud, and brave, The next the tenant of an early grave: Even democrats bestow the unwilling tear, And satire weeps o'er his untimely bier-

But ill with Satire suits th' elegaic strain,
And worth, like his, alas! is mourn'd in vain.
No! let me cry against the coming storm,
Rais'd by rebellion's talisman Reform—
90

Line 69. The shortness of our lives hath employed the ablest divines, mathematicians, philosophers, and notaries public. My ever honoured uncle who lived to a good old age, used often to deplore that accident; and it is accordingly engraved on his tomb-stone in the cabbage-garden. The French republic, considering this circumstance, very properly endeavoured to check the progress of this alarming evil, by a decree, that death is eternal sleep, which giveth universal satisfaction to the late Crosbie Morgell, Lord Mountmorres, and others who expect to die a violent death.

Line 90. Talisman. For the nature and use of this instrument see the Arabian Nights Entertainment; a book of much sound morality and magical knowledge—it is much With Satire's rod conduct the electric fire. And guide destruction to its native mire: To seek out Treason in his dark retreat, While on the bolt detection rides with fate.

Oh! blind to truth, by factious rage misled, 95 Regardless of the dreadful path ye tread—Who fierce and turbulent are borne along. The loudest furies of the clamorous throng. Why join this drunken democratic rage? Why on yourselves relentless warfare wage? 100 Why trample thus into the swinish mire, All that ambitious avarice can desire? Birth, fortune, honour, influence to command, And talents to sustain your native land.

There was a time when peevish spleen might dare 105

To spurn a Viceroy or resign a chair, Then, whether Pery ruled the wild debate, Or the proud Ponsonbies controuled the state,

used in the Court of Exchequer, and other places, to signify a necromancer's wand—a brass plate, with strange-figures engraved thereon—together with a person who attends for the public good, to be sworn on juries, for which

he receiveth the sum of one shilling sterling.

Line 99. Democracy signifieth the Liberty mob, and other rioters for the cause of patriotism, which is usually intoxicated with whiskey and other unwholesome beverages, to the great detriment of the revenue and the Postoffice in College-green, where several nefarious drunkards daily are assembled, to the annoyance of the Lord Mayor, the Parliament-house, King William on horseback, and other valuable members of society, in their perambulations through this city.

Line 101. The state of filth and nastiness in which the streets of Dublin remain, in spite of the observations of my Journal upon the Lighting Commissioners, is a matter of national reproach to all foreigners and other noblemen who visit the same: In particular, Father O'Leary used to remark in his facetious manner, that the Irish were like swine, who loved to roll themselves in the mire—with di-

vers witty speeches thereon.

The nation smiled upon the paltry broil, And throve beneath their emulating toil. But now, when Treason lifts her form on high, Her feet in hell, her head amidst the sky-When the same fury which assails your king, Must on your heads the same destruction bring-When the same tide that sweeps o'er all the realm, The coronet of Bessborough must o'erwhelm, Why will you Ponsonbies, your name degrade, The mean retailers of a party trade? Must you in mischief seek malignant joy, And, where you cannot rule, must you destroy? Or do you hope to shun the evil hour, And be the last whom faction shall devour? Vain, empty hope !- that Popery shall forget To pay her foes the long recorded debt. Can she forget the wish which could debase To hopeless toil, her superstitious race? Can she forget the sad oppressive hour,

Line 108. The family of Ponsonby is very ancient. having been in good repute before the invention of ivory combs, as appeareth from their coat of arms, the same being three rack combs. This invention having been of great service to the people of this unhappy country, they being obliged to wear shirts and mantles dyed in saffron, to destroy said vermin-this family became of great rank and consequence accordingly, and did therefore strive to prevent his Excellency, Lord Viscount Townshend, to be Viceroy thereof, who is now made a Marquis, by resigning the office of Speaker of the House of Commons, in order to vex said nobleman; and failing therein, and being desirous to advance the public good did retire from the administration. and enter into opposition, from which they have made divers ineffectual attempts to escape, proving that bad company leadeth men into ill accidents and misadventures. The hopes of this family are the said Speaker, who is dead. -the Right Hon. W. P.-Denis Bowes Daly and George Ponsonby, Esq. of which several facetious stories are told. in particular their wishing that they might leave this country as soon as it should be infested with their Roman Catholic brethren, and other odd and laughable relations.

Which saw ye rule with all but regal power?
Can she forget the pride which spurned the land,
In which a Papist could obtain command? 130
Or is Democracy become so tame,
To bend with reverence to an ancient name?
Will she forgive, in humble gratitude,
The inborn guiltiness of noble blood?
(See wretched Orleans die unwept, unloved, 135
The victim of the power himself had moved.)
Think ye that hour their cherished hatred ends,
In which your policy has made you friends?
If so, rush on, pursue your wild career,
And never stop until ye must despair.

While thus at random strays the adventurous muse,

And now a feather, now a shade pursues—
High through the vast expanse of æther borne,
A flaming brand from Discord's altar torn;
By the mad hand of Mendax hurled on high, 145
Glares with terrific omen through the sky:—
Avert, good heaven, the parricidal fire,
And ere they reach us bid Hestings set

And is the sun of noble Hastings set,
And fail the honours of Plantagenet,

150

Line 145. This nobleman is one of the rich inhabitants of Ireland, who reside constantly abroad. My honoured uncle, George Faulkner, after whom I am baptized by the name of George, used to observe—"That between the absentee landlords, and the resident nobility spending their estates before they came of age, in travels on the Continent, no manufacturer could get bread in this country, unless he were an attorney."

Line 150. There were several gentlemen of this name Kings and Queens of England, from the time of King Henry II. to that of Queen Elizabeth and King James, when the Stuarts came in, from whom the late Earl of Moira was lineally descended, in as much as his wife was great, great, great, great grand-daughter of a natural son of the Duke of Clarence, who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey Madeira—being fond of that liquor, which, next after claret, is in

That thus a mean adventurer's doubtful race, Their line can sully and their fame deface?— No! their proud shades this mountebank disclaim, This poor pretender to their ancient name— This shrivelled, stalking, parchment pedigree, 155 This barren, boastful genealogic tree— This learned professor of the puffing art, This very Packwood of his own desert— This talking General, this vaunting Peer, In words tremendous and in frown severe— This state quack Doctor, whose eternal theme, Like modest Brodum, is his own great name-Whose first attention for his country's health, Is to withdraw her too abundant wealth— And when the burning fever rages high, When most his skill is wanted—then to fly; No! these proud shades reject the dire disgrace, And spurn his banner from their gallant race— While on the fields of sad Columbia's shore, Still red with undiscriminating gore, 170 A thousand wailing ghosts his savage hand deplore:

All gracious heaven! from this unhappy land, Avert the influence of that savage hand.

If, than all others, any one be worse,
Perverted talents are the greatest curse.

See that pure wit, which virtue might adorn,
By so depraved a wretch as Curran borne—
See lettered Eunomus forsake the bar,

great esteem, and therefore desirable to be drowned therein, as a warning to all drunkards and other debauchees, who ruin themselves by drinking ale, whiskey and ardent spirits, distilled from the wholesome fruits of the earth, which being ground, might be turned into barley bread, an excellent food for working people. This Duke of Clarence was brother of Edward the IVth, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. God save the King!

Line 178. This is a Greek noun, used to signify a bar-

To plot in dark debate, domestic war-See half mankind the bonds of reason break. They all are orators, they all must speak; Learned and unlearned alike, the stammering fool, The grave Archbishop, and the child at school, All loud, all dull, all eloquent by rule.

'Tis to this passion of our doating age We owe the sweets of democratic rage. The grocer's boy in rhetoric retail's, And trope and figure trim the butcher's scales; While words oft heard, but never understood, Sail proudly down the oratorial flood. 190 EMANCIPATION—word of magic sound, Swims with Reform, in mystery profound; Th' astonished hearer, wrapt in wonder, stands, And most admires, when least he understands.

When Parsons, of a little learning vain,

rister in the Four Courts of Areopagus, a city of Attica; and, according to this verse, quarrelleth with his servants. wife, &c. at home, to which he is much addicted-instead of minding his briefs in the King's Bench, Westminster

Hall, the Tholsel Court, &c. &c.

Line 191. Emancipation is a Latin word, used by the ancient Romans, to signify the giving a discharge to a footman, butler, maid of all work, groom, or other servant, which was done by a blow on the head; for the false giving whereof an act of parliament hath been lately made, it being a public grievance and great trouble, that persons who were drunken, idle and saucy, were discharged with good characters, of which the legislature hath taken notice.

Line 192. Reform—a French word, signifying the restoring of a thing to its true sense; and is therefore applied in all political debates, when it cannot be known what is

the true sense thereof.

Line 195. Sir Laurence Parsons, Bart. hath lately written a book, proving that the Argonauts and other circumnavigators, under the command of Jason, did navigate into Ireland, to obtain the golden fleece, the Giant's Causeway, St. Patrick's Purgatory, and other natural curiosities, wherewith said island abounds; and being fatigued rowing, did take the Ship Argo upon their shoulders, over the hills of Transilvania, to the port of Riga, from whence this country

To Erin leads his Argonautic train,
And many a page of learned nonsense fills,
Their ship to drag o'er steep Sarmatian hills;
His harmless folly raises but a smile,
And kind good nature might applaud his toil; 200
But when he proses most profoundly deep,
And o'er the senate waves the wand of sleep,
Himself to perfect apathy refined,
Freezing the ardour of each generous mind;
And while he drawls in one continuous hum,
Who does not wish all Baronets were dumb?

In vain for food our orators would cry,
Did not the Press a daily fund supply—
Did not new grievances, and doubts and fears,
With every post, assail their raptured ears— 210
Did not incessant falsehood swell the page,
With blood and slaughter, perfidy and rage;
An atheist lecture, or a simple plan,
To rob and murder for the Rights of Man—
With many a barbed fang and venomed dart, 215
To plunge and rankle in the guiltless heart.

Could worth or fortitude protect Clonmell, When on his head the shafts of slander fell? Though scattered by a madman's hand they came, Did they not settle with too certain aim, 220 And to the centre shake his honest fame?

When Westmoreland, with too unthrifty hand, Diffused his Sovereign's favors through the land; 'Till his beneficence outran desire, And importunity began to tire— 225 Did not fell Popery and her bigot brood, With slander pay the debt of gratitude? Who can be safe, while Slander thus can roam,

doth annually import large quantities of hemp, balk, deer's

tongues, pitch, furs and other commodities, which would grow in this island under proper encouragement: He is also heir apparent to the barony of Oxmantown, near the Blue Coat Hospital. And stab her victim in his peaceful home? And while he shuns the rankling wound in vain, Smiles with malignant pleasure on his pain. Is there one vice or weakness which your mind Abhors the most, to which 'tis least inclined?— That vice or weakness on your name is hurled, And brands your honour to a slanderous world. Does spotless birth support your honest pride? 236 Your mother in a brothel shall have died. Does conscious courage swell your ardent breast? A thousand lies your cowardice attest. Have you drank deep of learning's sacred spring? The name of *dunce* in every ear shall ring. Thus Cooke is ignorant and raw from school, And Cuffe a generous unsuspecting fool— An horsewhipped coward, Barrington appears, And perjured Ogle loses both his ears-Dishonesty assails Latouche's fame, And insolence is joined with Enniskillen's name. But at the shrine of Faction bend the knee, Adore the fiend of hell—Democracy: Obscene as Griffith, blasphemous as Dodd, 250 Renounce your Saviour and abjure your God,

Line 241. A DUNCE is a blockhead, of which there be several kinds, in particular the late Mr. Pope handleth them with great severity, in his excellent poem called after them THE DUNCIAD—in which several of the greatest wits of his time are accordingly reviled, under the type of diving into

Fleet ditch, and other scandalous libels.

Line 250. Amyas Griffith, an author well known for his patriotism and crooked legs—also of several tracts written upon himself, with great taste and modesty—also Inspector General of Ulster, which he lost by employing the influence of corruption, in the cause of independence, as appeareth upon the glass windows of all the inns in Ireland—also Mrs. Leeson's Memoirs, written by herself, alias Peg Plunket, after her death, in which are introduced many diverting jokes upon said Griffith's legs, the christian religion, the holy state of matrimony, and other curious subjects.

Same line. Dr. James Solas Dodd, a person of great

In guilt impartial, friends and foes betray,
And let your vices blaze in open day;
Then every Journal with your praise shall ring,
The Press your endless eulogies shall sing— 255
Your glorious name in every page shall stand,
The purest patriot of a suffering land—
And should your crimes the sleeping laws provoke,
You shall have speeches which you never spoke—
Shall have this cordial comfort while you swing,
That countless traitors from your blood shall spring
Eternal elegies shall sing your name,
Eternal affidavits shall enflame,
Shall fix your sterling guilt and prove your well
earned fame.

Thus, to inglorious industry resigned,
Too paltry for his high aspiring mind,
Might farmer Orr have run his humble race,
And never changed, or wished to change his place

learning, he never having been hanged at Tyburn, but his name-sake, Dr. William Dodd, for forgery, in 1775; he not having left a portrait of himself, Dr. J. S. Dodd very obligingly sat for his picture, in order to gratify and improve the public, for which purpose he hath lately translated the Pilgrim's Progress into blank verse, to the great

advancement of religion and piety.

Line 267. William Orr, of Farranshane, County of Antrim, farmer, who, to the great astonishment of himself and the public, was found guilty and hanged by a jury of said county, which was to be particularly lamented, in as much as heretofore an honest and independent humour had prevented them from convicting any person being a Defender or concerned in high treason-well knowing that if they did so, their haggards would be consumed, their own throats cut, their houses set on fire, and their poultry put to an ignominious death-which said considerations should have justly prevented their finding Mr. Orr guilty of the crime he had committed, he being a man of comely stature, considerable influence in the country, and six feet high in his stockings-of which an extensive manufactory is carried on at Connemara, in the County of Clare, equally wholesome, soft and delightful as Spanish-wool, or any other skins imported by the furriers.

But strong persuasion flowed from Grattan's tongue And Orr believed—grew indiscreet—and hung: Had not fierce Calvin steeled his stubborn soul, Had he acknowledged holy Rome's controul, Rome might have canonized his sacred name, And given a rival to St. Sheehy's fame.

Nor is this all—but to your wondering eyes, Your coward vices into virtue rise. Has, like O'(Connor')s, your unshrinking back, With patience borne an horsewhip's fierce attack?

Line 274. Dr. Nicholas Sheehy, parish priest of Clogheen, a reputable Village in the County of Tipperary, in the diocese of Dr. Hussey, titular Bishop of Waterford, who was hanged about the year of our Lord A. D. 1769, for obeying the first law of nature, self-defence, in the wilful murder of John Bridge, being suspected of intending to inform against the White-boys of said parish—for which said Sheehy was canonized by the Pope, and his bones are prayed unto accordingly, to the edification of devout persons, who are thereby excited unto a noble patriotism against informers, and a proper hatred of all governments.

Line 277. An ingenius friend, also a General Officer, and a Member of the Royal Irish Academy, hath favoured

me with the following observation hereon:

"In my last work, which makes the four hundred and seventy-fifth volume of my writings upon Irish-Indico-Phœnician Antiquities, I have proved decisively, that the Latin and Hindoo names for Ireland are exactly the same: The words Suvarna dwip in the latter, requiring very little flection to render it into Hibernia insula, as is apparent by reflecting, that five letters in eleven syllables is no com-

mon degree of coincidence.

The word which is deficient in the verse above, is only to be discovered by the initial and final letters O\*\*\*\*\*\*r. O is a very usual prefixture of Irish surnames; the name is, therefore, necessarily Irish;—but what name further remains to be discovered—Zoroaster, King of Bactria, was an Indian or Persian legislator of great renown (vide Orosium, Plinium, Justinum, Clementem in Itiner: & Antonin, tom 1, tit. 2, cap. 12,): the letter Z is not to be found in the Irish alphabet; taking it away, we have the word Oroaster perfectly suiting the initial and final letters in this instance; but here another consideration arises, that of metrical ac-

Have you, like him, obeyed your captive nose? To manly fortitude your meanness grows— Have you renounced the robes you would disgrace And stripped the sordid ulcers of your race? Unbounded praise shall fill your fated ear, And nature's nobles hail their brother peer— Even Democrats, thro' this distorted eye, 285 Can wisdom in an idiot Duke descry— Or heedless of the book-learned critic's sneer, Can see a second Sappho in Battiere, Devoting to the sacred rights of men, A nauseous person and a ribald pen-290 While her pure sympathetic love adorns, With many a wreathe obscene, her Curran's horns. There was a time when Innocence could dare,

curacy. To be candid, Oroaster cannot be read in the line as it stands, and though the proverbial mildness of the Hindoos might well accord with the character here described. it would be difficult to reconcile this incongruity, had I not in my last journey to Kilmacumpshaugh discovered a most valuable and venerable tradition by which Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught, is said, "to have come to Ireland from the rising sun;" obviously the East, Oriens: - now it is plain that the words Oroaster and Oconnor begin and terminate with the same letters, it is only requisite to turn Oro into Ocon and aster into nor and the names become exactly the same. Thus we see that Zoroaster, the Magician, Wizard, Conjurer, Warlock, Sorcerer, and Soothsayer, was no other than Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught-It is remarkable too that the sect of Guebres or worshippers of fire, which he founded, is yet extant in the province of Connaught, insomuch that the inhabitants are called fire eaters, from an idle supposition of the uninformed, that as they worship, so they must eat fire.

Thus is my favorite doctrine of an ancient oriental connection finely supported, and an useful hint thrown out for

future antiquarians.

I cannot take leave of my reader without mentioning, that in my next work I hope to prove with equal clearness, that Porus, King of India, was a first cousin, if not half brother, to Eogain Ceansealach More, King of Leinster, and Prince of Breffany.

E. V.

The wildest ravings of the Press to bear;
Calm in a spotless heart, could chearly smile, 295
And hear a madman or a fool revile:
Sure, when revolving years had rolled away,
To see the falsehood stand exposed to day—
The lie refuted, cleared her injured fame,
As precious metals purify by flame.

But in these times, when leagued with murder foul,
Democracy and maniac slander prowl—
When greedy for the hapless victim's life,
Malignant falsehood whets th' assassin's knife—
Enjoys the victim writhing in his smart,
305
And tears, with bloody fangs his quivering heart—
The wise may tremble, and the brave may fear,
And even the honest dare not be sincere.

True! we have laws, but in these wayward times
To seek their shelter is the worst of crimes— 310
Direct their thunder, lay one ruffian low,
And at his heels a thousand ruffians grow;
Instructed mobs shall hoot and hiss by rote,
And screaming slander strain a ten-fold throat—
Then vulgar obloquy shall hunt you down, 315
And chase your name through all the envious town.
Your hollow friends support the general league,
And lukewarm prudence dreads you as the plague—
You walk in solitude the crowded street,
And cautious wealth avoids you when you meet.

But, bounteous heaven, to our enraptured eyes, Bids better hopes and brighter prospects rise—
The polar star in purest glory streams,
The Blue and Orange blended in his beams—
From Derry's sacred walls the ray divine,
Directs our feet to Freedom's holy shrine—
Shews us the blood be-spotted course to shun,
Where Gallia's comet her mad race has run;

Line 325. Vide the Derry Address, December, 1797. P. R. And while we tread in pure religion's road, Our king to honour, and to fear our God. 330 Yes! the descendants of that gallant band, Who once did save—again shall save the land— In vain Sedition lifts the maniac cry, And recreant Whigs our liberties deny-C (urran) in vain, with patriot fury wild, 335 May daunt a witness or confound a child-In vain Cethegus plot in dark debate, To screen a murder or destroy the state— In vain shall Gallia pour her desperate hordes, To rush infatuate on our Yeomen's swords. Since Loyalty from Derry's sacred walls, The patriot Protestants of Erin calls; Bids us remember gallant Murray's name, And emulate intrepid Walker's fame-Bids us, like them, defend our faith and laws, 345 Or fall the martyrs of the glorious cause.

Line 334. All the arguments of the Whiss on the 5th of May, 1795, went to prove that the Bill of Rights is not, never was, and ought not to be the law of Ireland.

"Heu quam mutati!"
"How much unlike their patriot sires of old."
P. R.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is with much comfort and satisfaction that the writer of the notes upon this and the two former Cantos hereof, hath been relieved from the laborious duty of explaining the same, by the kindness of sundry eminent persons who have undertaken to observe thereon, by furnishing notes upon the difficult parts, together with dark passages, obscure hints, and unintelligible blunders, particularly my friend the Prime Serjeant, Dr. Kirwan, the Attorney General, and other distinguished personages.—G. F. jun.

Dublin, Feb. 14, 1798.

# ORANGE.

# CANTO III.

OH! for the verse that roused the Spartan fire, When old Tyrtæus swept the living lyre, That led, to glory led his gallant band, To fight and conquer on their native land:
As did his strains their patriot souls inflame, When he adjured them by their father's fame;

Line 2. Tyrtæus was a Grecian poet and general, remarkable for making heroic songs, and being lame of a leg, which he sung to his soldiers that they might despise wounds, death, bruises, enemies, and other accidents which they did accordingly in several battles therewith.—N. B. The ballads of Chevy Chace, Death and the Lady, and the Babes of the Wood, are of this kind, being apt to stir up anger and other noble passions, and therefore proper-to be sung by soldiers.

By their affection to their cheerful homes, The piety that reared their sacred domes, And that spontaneous loyalty that clings Like filial duty, round paternal Kings. 10 So should my verse, though humbler be its flight, Arouse the sons of Erin to the fight; Should bid the Royal standard float unfurl'd, And scare sedition from the harrass'd world; Should bid our gallant Protestants advance, To crush domestic Treason leagued with France: With dauntless minds to hear the frantic yell, By Dæmons bellowed from their Gallic hell, And, heedless of the diabolic roar, Stand the firm champions of their native shore. 20 Then should my muse record their father's fame, And dwell with rapture on each glorious name, Should turn their eyes to Enniskillen's walls, Or where the patriot voice of Derry calls. To proud Athlone, where Shannon's whelming wave.

Has been before the French invader's grave, Should catch new spirit from old Aughrim's plain, And thus inspired, attempt the glorious strain:

"Did not your valiant fathers save the land,

"In spite of Popery's Gallic Irish band?

"Shall not their sons the meed of glory claim?

"Shall they not emulate their father's fame?

Line 8. Domes are at the tops of churches, and may be seen to the Royal Exchange, the Round Church, St. Peter's at Rome, the New Custom House, St. Paul's London, and the New Four Courts on the Inn's Quay, and are properly said to be erected by the piety of well disposed persons, in donations made after their decease, by will and otherwise.

Line 18. Dæmons are wicked, reprobate, and ill-disposed spirits and fallen angels, of the keeping whereof in bottles, a curious account is to be found in the Devil upon Two Sticks, together with sundry love adventures and articles of secret history, very delightful to be read by young

persons.

Line 31. "Οι μεν γαρ προγονοι τους βαρβαρους ενικησαν." &c.

"Where mad St. Ruth bestrewed the bloody field,

"May not a frantic Buonaparte yield?

"Where coward Rosen, foiled and baffled, fled, 35

"May not some other monster bow his head?" Where Sarsfield's gallant, but mistaken zeal,

"Was taught Nassau's superior power to feel,

"May not your swords the traitor crew confound, "Who at their country aim the mortal wound?"40 But not such call do PROTESTANTS require, Nor does their zeal demand the Spartan lyre, Uncalled—unbidden—see them stand arrayed, Where the proud Orange banner is displayed: 44

Line 33. -St. Ruth, General Buonaparte, Rosen, and Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, were French commanders,—the first of whom was slain at Aughrim, 12th July, 1691. The General is a native of Corsica, but whether related to the fairy of that name, I cannot say, which was imported into Ireland about the year 1770, and shewn to the curious.—Field Marshal Rosen besieged Londonderry in 1689, for the French King, and James the II. by driving all the Protestants, men, women and children under the walls thereof, from the neighbouring counties, from which, by the noble obstinacy of the men of Derry, he was defeated with great disgrace—The present Earl of Lucan is descended from the latter.

Line 40. The learned Dr. Drennan hath favoured me herewith, which not understanding, I have added in this

place.

"I felicitate myself, I congratulate the country—it has elicited from my breast that virtue which contemptuous Administrations had overlooked.—Exalted above the multitude, I soar undisputed Enemaywyos of regenerating Ireland.—Her enfeebled Constitution lies prosternated to my potentiality—the drastic ingredients ferment in the vesicatory membrane of political correspondence—the fistulatory tube of Reform is subtended to the intestinal canal of corruption—the elastic compression of the cork of secresy needs only the energy of my hand for its retraction—what a revulsion will be excited—what a torrent of foulness and putrefaction will burst forth and overwhelm our regenerated Country."—W. D.

See them unasked—desire their Sovereign's leave, The throne, the country, and themselves to save. See them, in spite of his prudential court, Press boldly forward to their King's support; Spite of the falsehoods, insolence and sneers, Of coward commoners and knavish peers; 50 Who rather brave, (as less within its reach,) The wrath of Heaven, than Curran's ribald speech. Who crouch to wretches whom they most despise, And gaze on soaring virtue with surprize; Or, feeling little interest in the soil, 55 Look strangely cold upon our patriot toil; Spite of the daily filth by Drennan spewed, Or bold O'Connor in his bravest mood: Spite of the lizard blooded craft, whose wiles, Are thinly mantled o'er by traitorous smiles; 60 Spite of the coward crew—who basely dare (Protected in the senate or the bar, Or in the hell-polluted Press concealed,) The poisonous shaft of calumny to wield,

Line 58. I call upon \*\*\*, and \*\*\*, and \*\*\*, and \*\*\*, to witness that my dear friend Arthur is valiant—that his courage is equal, as his politics are congenial, to my own—Arthur will swear the same for me.—True, we have been both horse-whipped—Mais n'importe.—" A gentleman may be a gentleman though he be obligated to dance a bear."—A man of honour may bear a couple of horse-whippings, if it be only to obtain a proper abhorrence of so unmanly a practice.—J. P. C.

Line 59. The kingdom of Ireland is remarkable of all other countries, wherein no venemous animals can be found, of which a large viper lately discovered in Dorset Street is a remarkable instance, proving the particular affection of Providence to Irishmen, by banishing them together with toads, lizards, reptiles, &c. which, nevertheless, they are so insensible of, by committing rapes, murders, and shocking outrages, as to make it worse than the back

settlements of America or Egypt.

Line 63. The Press, a patriotic newspaper so called, printed in Church-lane, at the house of Mr. John Stock-dale, who liveth in Abbey-street, by Mr. Arthur O'Connor,

And vainly strive on Loyalty to throw,
That infamy which but themselves can know;
In spite of furious foes and timid friends,
To no dismay the patriot Orange bends;
Forgiving slight, by insolence unawed,
They love their King, and reverence their God.70
Proud of the glory by their fathers gained,
They burn to leave it to their sons unstained;
And firm in loyalty and truth, to stand
Like them, the saviours of their native land.

Thrice happy Erin, did such spirit glow,
In all thy sons against the frantic foe;
Did all stand forward in the common cause,
To guard their king, their liberties and laws:
Did they, who in mistaken loyalty,
Fought with the prince who came to set them free,
When loyalty and freedom now unite,
Support a bounteous Sovereign in the fight;
Did they come forward for the general good,
And loose dissention in their gratitude.
Is it religion leagues them with a band
Who drove religion from their hapless land?

who hath for some time past resided in the kingdom of Great Britain.

This Newspaper was set up by sundry loyal and patriotic noblemen and gentlemen, for the laudable design of assisting the French in an invasion thereof; which is performed by noble stories, seditious letters, witty paragraphs and doleful elegies, of which Mr. Peter Finerty now languisheth in Newgate, he having, for the public good, and the benefit of the owners, sworn himself the sole proprietor of said paper.

Line 80. His late Majesty King William the Trird, of glorious and immortal memory, of which see my notes in

the former part of this work.

Line 85. The Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland and the rich merchants of the same persuasion, have of late shewn a meritorious contempt of wealth and superstition, of which their friends the French are remarkably fond, by joining with the same, in order to be relieved from such superfluities in a successful invasion, and establishing a

Does restless opulence expect to rise,
By those who deem his wealth their future prize?
Do they who serve religion's holy shrine,
Against themselves with Atheists combine? 90
Must they their land with kindred slaughter fill,
Because they are restrained from doing ill?
Or does blind loyalty to James's race,
To blinder democratic rage give place?
Do they forget the blessings of a reign, 95
That link by link has broke their every chain?
Have they forgot the call of gratitude,
That should inspire their zeal for George the
Good?

Oh, friend to Virtue and by Virtue loved!
Honoured by Truth, and by thy God approved; 100
Though these mad times withold thy praises due,
Yet future days shall own those praises true;
Proud of the homage of the good and just,
Of that pure faith which you defend and trust;
In all thy glorious life without a foe,
105
Whom Virtue's self might be aggrieved to know;
Is there a wretch in morals and in fame,
Lost to himself, to virtue, and to shame,

Republic therein, under which this kingdom being deprived of the means of luxury, riches, and intemperance, will be restored to the true simplicity of former times.

Line 87. Need we remind our opulent agitators of the fate of the Parisian bankers, or refer the infatuated priest-hood to the pages of Baruel, \* and the massacres of Sep-

tember.-P. R.

Line 96. The Roman Catholics of Ireland, of whom several speeches have been made by Mr. Grattan and others, proving that all the benefits obtained by them were useless, unless said Grattan was the giver thereof, he being remarkably fond of giving away what is not his own, and therefore fit for a Prime Minister, which is different in various countries, being in some called a Vizier, in others a Lord Chancellor, Black Eunuch, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Reis Effendi, &c. for any of which this great patriot is equally qualified.

\* See his history of the French clergy.

At thee his desperate rancour hurls the dart, Dipped in the poison of his putrid heart; Still does the venomed shaft from thee recoil, Still baffled Vice renews her fruitless toil. Have not thy foes throughout a lengthened reign, Been only such as Walcot, Wilkes, and Paine? Atheists who fear the faith thy laws defend, And only hating thee as Virtue's friend. Long may thy life remain to Britons dear, Long may domestic love thy labours cheer; Long may thy gallant sons thy cause sustain, And long thy banners triumph o'er the main; 120 Soon may thy conquered foes thine empire own, And crouch for peace to thine offended throne; Long may thy virtues guard the British state, And George the Good be hailed—as George THE GREAT.

And will not Popery's stubborn sons obey, 125 So good a Sovereign's mild paternal sway? Is it abhorrence of the Brunswick line, That bids them with the Gallic fiend combine? Does cherished hatred of the British name, The cause forgotten, still their souls inflame? 130 Or does the restless spirit of the time, Urge their infatuate folly into orime?

Line 114. Dr. Walcot, a poet, clergyman, and physician, surnamed Peter Pindar, whereby he exhibiteth his multifarious talents to the public, having been degraded from his gown for indecency therein; he therefore became justly enraged at the discreet conduct and temperance of his Majesty, whom he accordingly revileth in sundry obscene, witty, and satirical verses, in which he hath ingeniously brought in the facetious histories of Tom a Lothian, Jack Hickathrift, the London jester, and other classical authors of good reputation.

Ibid. The notorious Alderman Wilkes.

*Ibid*. Thomas Paine, a staymaker, exciseman, and politician, of Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, who hath written many public spirited works for the promotion of blasphemy and murder.

As when we seek an hateful vice to shun. Too often to the worst extreme we run: So superstition in her last decay, To kindred infidelity gives way; So does perverted sottish loyalty, Into the madness of rebellion fly. Else why this frenzy wild, absurd and strange, The good they have for certain ill to change? 140 Who does not feel it nobler far to fall, His Sovereign's friend—than live the slave of Gaul? For honour, truth, and lovalty to die, Than live the sport of vulgar tyranny; To fall assertors of a lawful throne, 145 Than live to crouch to Curran or Le Bon. Are ye become such mean, degraded things, That you must seek the scourge of felon kings? Are you so tired of Carleton, Downes and Clare. To long for M'Anally or Barrere?

Line 142. Gaul is the ancient name of the kingdom of France, the chief city being called Paris. The natives of that country are remarkable for being uneasy and restless, for which reason they are in great demand as dancing masters, linguists, and hair-dressers, and other professions requiring activity and bodily skill; they are much given to cruelty, delighting in murder and other crimes, as appeareth by the late Revolution, to the disgrace of those concerned. This people is also remarkable for making the wine called claret, also new systems of government, having tried seven thereof within the last nine years.

Line 146. The atrocities committed by this monster are too horrible for detail; his treatment of the brave O'Hara, whom the chance of war had thrown into the power of France, was the very weakness of clemency compared to his inhumanities at Arras. Born of the vilest parents (a gipsey and a thief) he preserved an accurate recollection, and paid a faithful retribution of every insult to which his youth had been exposed;—age, beauty, or innocence, were no protection against the rancour of his revenge, the brutality of his appetite, or the wantonness of his power.—P.R.

Line 150. L. M. Esq. a lame poet, comedian and counsellor; he is reckoned a very able lawyer, and hath the peculiar good fortune of speedily concluding his causes; it is

Or do our laws, the boast of ancient years, Where wisdom in each varied form appears; Whose errors always into mercy turn, Against these laws does such resentment burn? That ye demand, to gratify your spleen, 155 The rapid justice of the Guillotine. Awake—arise—renounce this idle hate, Assert your honour, and deserve the state: Prove to the world, that differing in a creed, All Erin's sons are in her cause agreed: 160 That bound in Loyalty's fraternal band, Papists and Protestant will save the land; Then shall no ruffian democrat, defile With goary footsteps, our fair emerald isle. See Albion's sons in patriot union bold, A proud example to your eyes unfold; Behold with honest zeal the Cambrian host, Rush from their hills to their insulted coast.

computed that more of his clients are hanged annually than any other lawyer can boast of, which evinceth his great merit and the service he performeth to the state; he also composeth most doleful comedies and heroic farces for the consolation of his deceased clients and their surviving relations, which might induce them to laugh, were they per-

mitted by decency so to do.

Line 156. The guillotine is an instrument for cutting off the heads of men as a warning for the misconduct of others, and invented by Dr. Guillotine in France, and called after him, by which his own head was cut off; the same thing having happened in Scotland two hundred years ago by the Earl of Morton, whose head was cut off; he having invented the same, for high treason; also in Halifax, in Yorkshire, where the great woollen cloth manufactory is carried on similar to the linen trade in the county of Down, Hillsborough, and other places.

Line 167. "I have a firm persuasion that the French will find themselves disappointed, if they expect to be supported in their expedition by the discontented in this country (England). They have already made a trial; the event should lower their confidence; the Welch, of all denominations, rushed upon their Gallic enemies, with the impet-

f

Alike all ranks with native anger burn,
And on the common foe their fury turn.

170
Oh, did such mutual zeal our island grace,
Though all the dogs of war in angry chace,
Yelled round our coasts, in vain the fiends would
roar,

'Gainst Albion's chalky cliffs and Erin's verdant

Yes! they will rouse—the dark delusion past, 175 The dawn of Union seems to break at last: Persuaded or corrected, see them bring, Repentant vows to their offended king; See them renounce, deceiving or sincere, The devious track of treason's mad career, And tired of turbulence and outrage, bend Before their king, their father, and their friend. How pleased, how happy, would the patriot muse, See this pure spirit through the land diffuse; Alas, 'tis true, nor let us fondly dream, That Poperv in all times is still the same, That flushed with health or sinking in the grave, She still must be a tyrant or a slave— The smarting culprit will deplore his fault, Not that he erred, but that he should be caught;

uosity of ancient Britons; they discomfitted them in a moment; they covered them with shame, and led them into captivity.—Bishop of Llandaff's Address.

Line 178. The Roman Catholic declarations of loyalty, 1798.

Line 186. The Popish inhabitants of Ireland are only at present debarred of making laws to bind their Protestant fellow-subjects—their fellow Papists in England are under many more restraints, of which they do not complain—but the outcry here is founded on their numbers—we need not take the trouble of comparing their conduct to us when they had power, with the use we have made of power to relieve them out of every plausible grievance—it is only necessary to observe their progress, from supplication to request—from request to demand, from demand to menace—it is only necessary to observe, that their tone increased with con-

And treason shrinking under chastisement
Of her mischance sincerely will repent;
But whom can such repentant vows deceive,
Treason again will plot and rogues again will thieve

Even in the more than human mind of Burke, Did not the leaven of rank Poperv lurk? Did not the strength of his gigantic hand, Unsettle every balance of the land? Raised by his spell, did not a ruthless storm, 199 The noon-tide of his Sovereign's reign deform? Could all the splendour of his setting sun, Shew half the mischief his wild rage had done? He did indeed repent, by grief inspired, Even in the ashes which himself had fired. But far from us be that ill-judging hate, 205 Which in blind bigotry we reprobate: To every loyal Irishman in arms, My glowing heart with fond affection warms; Nor that affection shall his creed remove, A brother soldier claims a brother's love: Nor should in any rivalship contend, Than who shall prove his Sovereign's firmest friend;

cession, and that, in the same proportion as they have been gratified, they have clamoured.

The following notice posted on the door of St. Werburgh's and other churches in Dublin, on the morning of Sunday Feb. 18, 1798, and read by thousands in this city, will explain much upon this interesting subject;

# L I B E R T Y.

Erin go brah!

"You heretic Protestants, take notice, that Mass will commence in this Church by the 1st of May Next. Your blood shall flow, and your souls shall be sent to Hell, to the Devil your grand-father."

Quid facient in sicco, si sic in viridi audeant?

Lord Moira however will call this a device of Government; but let the reader compare it with the threats of the Press of the night before, and judge for himself.—P. R.

Whose bosom shall with purest ardour glow, Who first shall rush upon th' invading foe; Who shall most proudly prove his loyalty, 215 And who most happy for his King to die: Such be the contest, and may such alone, Engage the guardians of my Sovereign's throne. Yes, gallant friends, to your unshaken zeal, A loyal brother's kindred love I feel: 220 In one fraternal principle agreed, In George's cause to conquer or to bleed; To drive domestic treason from the land, To meet th' invading Gaul upon the strand, And hurl destruction on his ruffian band. 225 Is there dull opulence whose sottish mind, Pants for respect which it can never find; Or dark malignity, whose rancorous hate, Broods o'er the pangs of wounded self conceit; Or hungry learning, "bony, gaunt and grim." 230 Or mad ambition, or capricious whim; Or desperate bankruptcy, or moody rage, Or fell revenge, or crazed and peevish age. For treason fitted, the discordant crew To no one honest inclination true; 235 Combine the rancour of their poisonous hate, And urge their common rage against the state; The black committee grows, the dark divan Full many a foul and midnight murder plan; With hellish rapture hear the victim's cries, While earnest each his horrid labour plies; And veiled by treason's diabolic gloom: In the black page assigns a brother's doom:

Line 242. Peradventure I can let in a ray of light—a scintilla of explanation—upon the obscurity of this passage, dashed, splashed, hashed, crashed, double dashed, and haberdashed, as it has been by the clumsy pen of a clumsy poetaster. Let not the reader be deceived by the dark oblivion of a brow; nothing could be farther from my mind than—"the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."—Wm. Fletcher. I have ventured to omit the remainder of this note, which

Raised by their spell appears the Union Star,
And shoots his red portentous beams afar,
Foreboding murder, misery and war.
Such are the traitors, such the Popish crew,
Whom mine indignant anger would pursue;
To these our country owes its honour lost,
For these invasion hovers round our coast,
Roused by these dæmons into frantic rage,
Do Erin's children mutual warfare wage:
And urged by treason into fury, stain
With kindred homicide their native plain;

Yet even to these will sordid interest bend, 255 To treat with these will timid courts descend; Does one more desperate ruffian than the rest, Make treason sport, and homicide a jest? To him with suppliant voice and soothing strain, To treat with him will cautious statesmen deign. See them entreat for a precarious hour, To keep in quiet their unstable power; See them in paltry policy bestow, Their dearest favours on their loudest foe. Does Egan bellow—does M'Kenna write, 265 And teach the land to clamour or unite? The crouching minister to save his place, With chair or pension soothes him into peace; While wrapt in stupid cunning, falsely wise, This obvious inference escapes his eyes, That every bribe which buys a dubious peace, Holds new temptation to the clamorous race, So on a time, ('tis Æsop tells the tale, And Æsop's truths are seldom known to fail,) Torn by an angry cur, a rustic wight, 275 With bleeding leg, in sad distressful plight, Sought for relief, where some old doating sage.

would have more than filled the book; but I rely for excuse upon the well known urbanity and gentleness of the learned counsellor.—P. R.

To soothe the wounded member's acrid rage;
Bade him with bread absorb the streaming blood,
And give the cur the medicated food.

280
The man believed him, till some wiser knave,
This solid warning to the patient gave:
"Reward offences thus unthinking clown,
"And you'll be bit by all the curs in town."
Nor can such paltry policy succeed,
285
That gives to clamour the true patriot's meed.
To mean submission ministers may bend,
The rancorous foe can ne'er become a friend.
Sooner shall Mendax to Munchausen yield,
The brazen honours of the lying field:
290

Line 289. The vigour and fertility of imagination manifested in the speech of Lord Moira in the British House of Peers, have I think, been over-rated. In my researches into the history of this noble family—I have found an indisputable document of its hereditary veracity—it is an extract from a speech of the late Earl (who was invidiously stiled Baron Munchausen) in the House of Lords of Ireland, about the year 1769—it is preserved in a collection of the papers of that day, the reference to which I have added:—
"I can testify the truth of all he has asserted; at the time

" of the insurrection in the North I had frequent and inti-" mate conversations with that celebrated enchanter Moll "Coggin: I have often seen her riding on a black ram with "a blue tail—once I endeavoured to fire at her but my "gun melted in my hand to a clear jelly—this jelly I tasted, " and if it had been a little more acid, it would have been " most excellent. Noble Lords may laugh, but I declare "the fact upon my veracity, which has never been doubted. "Once I pursued this fiend into my ale cellar-she rode "instantly out of my sight into the bung hole of a beer "barrel; she was at that time mounted on her black ram "with a blue tail; some time after, my servants were " much surprised to find their ale full of blue hairs-I was " not surprised, as I knew the blue hairs were the hairs of "the ram's blue tail.-Noble Lords may stare, but the fact is " as I relate it."-V. Batchelor, V. I. p. 164-No. 24.

Who after this will hesitate in pronouncing of the younger Earl with me almost the words of a sublime poet—

" None but his sire can be his parallel."

Sooner shall Smith give one implicit vote, Or Hector Graham buy himself a coat. Sooner The Press shall deviate into truth. Clanwilliam shall recall his wasted youth, Aldbro' write grammar, Pelham learn to lye, 295 Or Kirwan preach without vulgarity; Than shall each instance of extorted bribe, Allay the clamour of the brawling tribe. But does our cause such policy demand, Must we be brib'd to save our native land? 300 Is not the glorious wreath of patriot fame, Sufficient prize our ardour to enflame? Must we be bribed to combat for our wives. Our children, parents, properties and lives? No! we anticipate the glorious call, 305 We burn to rush upon th'invading Gaul. Foot to his foot, and face to face to stand, And hurl his bloody banner from the land. With his foul gore to stain the blushing wave, And give his thousands to their wat'ry grave. 310 Hear it and tremble France, and friends to France. Twice sixty thousand Irish Protestants,

Line 307. Καὶ πόδα πάρ ποδὶ θεὶς καὶ ἐπ ἀσπίδος ασπίδ ἐρεῖσας.

# TYRTAEUS, ELEG. III.

This whole elegy is so eminently beautiful, that the following attempt at a free translation may not be unacceptable.

The third Elegy of TYRTÆUS, addressed to the loyal

## PROTESTANTS OF IRELAND.

Ŧ

Yes! from the heroes of the Boyne ye spring,
Be firm! for Heaven still smiles upon your cause;
Fear not the rabble crew—defend your King,
Stand boldly forward for your faith and laws,

For pure religion and proud loyalty,
Boldly resolve to conquer or to die;
Hear it, ye regicides, and feel dismay,
O'er all the land extends the firm array,
The land exulting smiles and owns their patriot
sway.

#### II.

Well did your sires sustain the sanguined field, Well did their virtue stem the battle's rage, Shall not their sons to make rebellion yield, Advance with courage and with skill engage?

#### III.

Few, very few, who foremost in the throng,
Mix hand to hand, and seek the furious foe,
Whom the full tide of honour bears along,
Whose ardent minds with patriot valour glow.

#### IV.

Few of those gallant souls in battle fall,
Whose deeds intrepid oft a nation save;
While dastard minds who heed not honour's call,
In coward flight run headlong to the grave.

#### v.

But oh: what words can tell the dire disgrace, The foul opprobrium, of a *Craven's* name, Whose servile back inglorious wounds debase, Whom fear erases from the roll of fame.

#### VI.

Yes! gallant Protestants, unshaken stand! Strain every muscle, brace your every nerve, Root your firm footing in your native land, And never—never—from your duty swerve.

#### VII.

Each in his hand his tempered blade sustain, Each on the helm exalt the nodding plume, Each seek for honour in the paths of pain, Nor shun the glories of a soldier's tomb.

Shall not the muse record his honoured name, Whose spirit first aroused this glorious flame? Can she forget that 'midst an host of foes, From VERNER's care this patriot band arose? Can she forget the man whose honest toil, Called forth the champions of her native soil, That when the Puritan and Popish band, With kindred malice tore the bleeding land; 325 When treason roamed around the northern plain, And desolation marked her dreary reign; When urged to follow Popery's fell career, O'er-laboured murder panted in the rear; From Verner's spirit and example rose, This patriot band to crush their frantic foes, That as they rose did raging discord cease, And Ulster smile again in harmony and peace.

Yes fleeting ministers may pass away,
And leave no trace—the meteors of a day, 335
Even Camden may be known beyond his hour,
Only for thwarted zeal and trammelled power,
Wolfe's gloomy wisdom, Parnell's lumbering sense,
And Ponsonby's malignant eloquence;
Inveterate Knox, and his emetic face, 340
And mewling Tighe, and Grattan's manly grace;
Fitzgerald's chattering, and O'Donnell's din,
And crabbed Crookshank's everlasting grin;

#### VIII.

But boldly brandishing the fatal steel,
Set foot to foot, and face to face engage,
Let the fierce Gaul your power superior feel,
And bow his banner to your loyal rage.—P. R.

Line 338. If any man shall presume to imagine that it is the littleness of my own vanity, the petty ambition of a paltry fame, or a weak imagination of my own consequence, which actuates the feeling of my mind, when in the discharge of an high official duty, I here lay my finger on this name; either I am unfit to perform that duty, or he does most grossly mistake the purity of my conscience.—Arthur Wolfe.

Line 342. I protest and vow-I protest and vow-I pro-

All into dark forgetfulness may fade, Nor leave behind the shadow of a shade, While Verner's honest name remains engraved, In the proud record of a nation saved.

It will be saved! in patriot virtue bold, Her sons will emulate their sires of old: Shall not new heroes start in every name, That guards with reverence its paternal fame; Shall not an Osbory in Ormond rise, His King to serve and danger to despise; Does not the zeal that fired the breast of Cole, As purely glow in Enniskillen's soul; Fearless of difficulty, proud of toil, May not another Broghill rise in Boyle; Can wayward Bellamont forget the field, Where gallant Coote beheld O'Connor vield; May not a Falkland rise in Castlereagh, As wise, as loval, and as brave as he, Shall not new Bakers rise, as yet unknown, And other Ginkles conquer in Athlone; Shall not new Murrays, Walkers, Moores be found, The force of France and Popery to confound? 365

Yes, they will rise, unconquerably brave,
The fields their fathers won, again to save,
The frantic Gaul, and treason's desperate band,
To hurl indignant from their native land;
Sedition shall no more our plains defile,
Plenty once more throughout the land shall smile,
And Peace again rejoice our emerald isle.

test and vow, I don't know—I don't know, who this can mean—who this can mean—who this can mean, &c. &c.— Da capo.

James Fitzgerald.

Line 352. This gallant young nobleman, the glory of the house of Butler, the pride of Kilkenny, is one of my dear and particular friends; I honour his spirit, I adore his rank, I revere his castle of Kilkenny; I have a cottage myself at Cabragh, and, as thereader is probably one of my two hundred and thirty-three thousand dear, intimate, and particular friends, I beg, indeed whether he is or not I beg, he will give me a day at Cabragh—any time between this and the Greek calends; I beg you will not forget, my dear good fellow—do not forget.—J———r.

# NOTES TO ORANGE.

### CANTO I.

P. R. I have made many inquiries in order to ascertain the meaning of these initial letters, and also that of the letters P. and F. and the only answer that I have been able to obtain is the following, contained in a letter from my uncle, Dr. Giffard.

"Your letter wants no apology; nothing can gratify me more than to bring back to my memory one whom I loved so dearly as I loved your father, and your purpose of reprinting his verses delights me: I must rejoice in whatever does honor to his name, and he left no trace of himself that is not honorable. I am afraid, however, that I cannot give you any satisfactory answer about P. R. and the P, and F. I once asked who P. R. was, when I was a little boy, and was answered by a request to give a Greek translation of tol-de-rol-lol, or down-derry-down, or some such thing, from which I inferred, I believe justly, that the letters were capriciously used for the purpose of mystification (to employ a new word for a thing as old as the fame of Eleusis.)

"The P. and F. I understood to represent Protestant and Friend, but this I believe was merely a conjecture of my own, I cannot recollect any explanation on the point, and I must not threaten to encumber you with my help, but I may take the opportunity to say, that any aid I can give, by information or otherwise, is most heartily at your

service. My judgment is little worth, but I think your father's political verses and songs were his best, and Irish History gives them an interest beyond the merit of the versification."

# Line 7.

Curran—in his personal appearance was dark, swarthy, and very ill-looking; he brought an action against the seducer of his wife, and called their son as a witness against his mother; the whole affair was discreditable to Curran, and justified the strong language of the 8th line.

### 12.

Three Members of the Irish Parliament.

### 62.

Hardy—the writer of the life of Lord Charlemont, does not deserve to be thus classed with M'Anally, who is believed to have enjoyed a pension of £ 300. per annum from Government up to the time of his death, including the period he was employed in defending the defenders and other traitors, and in all their secrets.

## 83.

Callimote—was an Hugonot General in William's army.

123. and 126.

Viceroys of Ireland.

# 127.

Foster and Clare.—The former, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer; the latter, Speaker of the House of Commons.

### 132.

Keogh-of Mount Jerome, near Harold's Cross,

Dublin, a very clever and rich silk manufacturer, and the brains-carrier of his party.

### 133.

Dr. Patrick Duigenan—Member of the Irish, and, afterwards, the United Parliament: always an uncompromising, and unflinching opponent of the Papist party.

### 155.

This alludes to the defeat of Grattan when Candidate for Dublin.

### 161.

John Forbes—Member for Drogheda, who afterwards emigrated to America.

### 217.

Three murdered Clergymen.

## 233.

Dr. Moylan—R. C. Bishop of Cork, and— Dr. Troy—R. C. Archbishop of Dublin, supported the Union.

### 246.

Byrne—a very rich merchant. Often chairman of Roman Catholic meetings.

Broughall—ditto—less cautious, and more honest.

Lewines—a bold and clever attorney. He escaped, lived long, and died in Paris.

Keogh—see note on line 132.

Burke, John Ignatius—an influential Roman Catholic, and often Chairman at their meetings

## CANTO II.

### 31.

Charles Bushe—Afterwards Solicitor General, and now (1841.) Chief Justice.

### 107

Edmund Pery—Uncle of the Earl of Limerick, Speaker of the House of Commons, in which office he succeeded Mr. Ponsonby.

### 145.

Lord Moira.—These lines allude to his visit to Ireland. This Peer descended from an Irish family of the name of Rawdon, married the heiress of Hastings, that family being now represented in the male line by the Earls of Huntingdon. The epithet "mendax" is more fully explained in the original note on line 289, Canto III.

# 170.

Lord Moira was a Lieutenant Colonel during the American war, in the course of which a party under his immediate command, (led by a treacherous American over the ice) surprised and cut to pieces in their *beds* a regiment of Light Horse, called, oddly enough, Lady Washington's Dragoons.

# 217. and 219.

The madman was Magee, publisher of the Evening Post, tried and convicted for political libels before Lord Clonmel, more than once, who was therefore abused by him for his fiat. This Magee purchased a piece of ground immediately in front of Lord Clonmel's mansion, near Dublin, and named it Fiat Hill. Here he weekly entertained the

Dublin populace with ludicrous exhibitions—prizes of pigs with soaped tails—dancing dogs in barristers uniforms—donkey races with the jockeys in wigs and gowns, &c. He all the time, however, studiously kept without the grasp of the law, and so annoyed Lord Clonmel, that the chagrin occasioned by these and other sources of annoyance eventually broke down his spirits and constitution.

222.

Roman Catholic Relief Bill of 1793.

242.

Edward Cooke-Under Secretary for Ireland.

243.

Lord Tyrawley.

244.

Sir Jonah Barrington—author of several works on the Irish History of this period, amusing, but not strictly correct.

245.

Right Hon. George Ogle-M. P. for Dublin.

250.

Griffith—author of the "Triumvirate," a novel to which the epithet justly applies.

279.

Arthur O'Connor—afterwards tried for High Treason. He now lives in Paris, General O'Connor in the French Army.

## CANTO III.

130.

"What a country this for regenerate man\*\*\*
were the satanic Saxon banished from it.—Vide
O'Connell's speech at Cork, January, 1841.

265.

John Egan.—Chairman of Dublin County, a coarse, bluff, red-faced man. He voted last against Lord Tyrone's address in favor of the Union, and the number 110 being announced, flourished a great stick over his head and with the voice of a Stentor cried out—"and I am one hundred and eleven."

### 291.

Afterwards Baron Smith. This should rather be *explicit*, for he never gave his vote in favour of a measure without stating some objection to it.

292.

Father in law of Lord Norbury, and so miserable in his dress, that a lady, a near relative of the narrator of this anecdote, was once on the point of giving him sixpence, which he would have accepted.

### THE RATS,

Ballad, to the tune of "Chevy Chase."

"The Rats" was written in 1783, upon occasion of the debates in the Irish House of Commons, upon the Regency Question. "The Rats" are the Placemen and other Pitities, who supposing the King incurably mad, joined Mr. Grattan and the opposition against the Marquis of Buckingham, Mr. Patr's Lord Lieutenant.

1.

God succour soon our noble king And keep us faithful all; A base desertion did of late In College-Green befall.

2.

Fierce Grattan made a dreadful vow, Proud Buckingham to fight;\* Whose matchless power had oft before, Distress'd this little wight.

3.

And thrice he wound his bugle horn, His horn both loud and shrill; The Rats came trooping to his pipe, Obedient to his will.

4.

From Tipperary's fertile fields, Came Curran brisk and keen;† Well skilled to aim the shaft concealed, But bad in fight I ween.

- \* The Lord Lieutenant.
- + See Note on line 7 of Orange.

Next floating in a dung-boat came, Along the grand canal;\* With Wolfe and Burgh and Conolly,† The Lord High Admiral.‡

6

In all the pomp of Eastern pride, He grimly ey'd the flood; And ruled with arbitrary sway, The boatmen as he stood.

7.

Then from his dark monastic cell, With harmless canons graced; Crept forth ecclesiastic Browne, In legal armour cased.

8.

His spear was of that gander's quill,
That saved the Capitol;
A Parchment helmet too he wore,
To save his paper skull.

9.

His shield was formed of many a sheet, Of Puffendorf de Jure; His gorget was of Grotius too, To guard the little Fury.

- \* The seats of A. Wolfe, I. Burgh, and T. Conolly, were near the canal.
  - † Members of the Irish House of Commons.
- ‡ Richard Griffith, Chairman of the Canal Board, and thence called High Admiral.
- § Arthur Browne, Fellow, and for many years M. P. of Dublin College, Doctor of Laws, and practitioner in the Ecclesiastical Court, he was of small stature.

When sneaking came great Godfrey Greene,\*
And some of small renown;
Bold Grattan saw, and sadly soon,
He cast his eyes adown.

11.

But quick with happy thoughts inspired,
He starts and cries aloud;
Let those who now for pensions sigh,
With haste come join the crowd.

12

Leave foolish Buckingham for me,
And to my standard run;
Haste to salute the rising day,
Forsake the setting sun.

13.

Those that have places shall have more,
And those that have not, shall;
And those who like it have their fill,
Of jobbing and cabal.

14.

These words with mighty influence wrought, On bald Sir John the Paviour,† Who would for thirty pence again, Betray his Lord and Saviour.

- \* An Irish Barrister, M. P. for, I think, Dungarvon, but he was not a practising Barrister.
- † Sir John Blaquiere, afterwards Lord De Blaquiere, very bald, at this time Chief Commissioner of the Paving Board, he had been Secretary under Lord Harcourt.

He soon, for moderation sure,
Is not in him inherent;
Hurled paving-stones and channel-dirt,
Upon the king's Vicegerent.

16.

He talked of jobbing, and what not,
Till Harcourt's ghost appear'd;\*
His shroud with icicles was hung,
And eke his silver beard.

17.

The Paviour shrunk, his blood was chill'd,
But Harcourt still came nigher;
Till to remove the deadly cold,
He raked the soldier's fire.

18.

False Loftus† came and Ponsonby,
But who'd expect to find,
A steadiness in men who live
By watching of the wind.‡

19.

Then Gervais turn'd tho' at the act,

Nunc meminisse horret;
Yet long he beat the bush about,
To find a reason for it.

- \* A Former Lord Lieutenant.
- + Afterward Marquis of Ely.
- ‡ Postmasters General.
- § Gervais Parker Bushe.

Then shifted Jack,\* for learning fam'd,
I mean old Jack the Prancer;
Who though the gout has cramp'd his toes,
Is still a noble dancer.

21.

George Ogle† too, who ne'er before, A thought of baseness harbour'd; Now hid his face, then veer'd about, And stationed on the larboard.

22.

Then lofty buskin'd Langrishe; too, Rein'd Pegasus about; Tho' gorg'd with favours late received, Yet join'd in Grattan's rout.

23.

But why should I, of private men, Take this superfluous notice; When those in trust and confidence, Thought fit to act the Proteus?

24.

When Shannon's and his light dragoons, And Leinster and his brothers; Left Buckingham to save himself, And went to join the others.

- \* John Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, called Jack Prancer, father of the first Lord Donoughmore.
  - † Member for Dublin.
  - ‡ Sir Hercules was a kind of literary man.
  - § The present Lord's father.
- || The Duke, and I think three brothers, amongst them Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

But faithful John Fitzgibbon stay'd To help his Royal Master;\* Kilwarlin,† Mason,‡ Beresford,§ Disdain'd to act the dastard.

26.

And thus I pray that our good King May be in health e'er long; To starve those Rats that fled the ship, And so I end my song.

## MACDERMOT'S GHOST.

"Macdermot's Ghost," a sketch of the original Society of United Irishmen, (the fathers of the Rebellion of 1798) at their meeting at the Taylors Hall, Back Lane, Dublin. It has particular reference to the dispersion of the conspirators by my grandfather as High Sheriff, on the night May 22, 1794; the poem was written a few days after that affair. Macdermot had been hanged for high treason five weeks before: he was a common fellow of the lowest class of farmers, but the United Irishmen named in the poem were all, or all pretended to be, Gentlemen. I ought to except Bacon, who was a tailor, but rich, he was taken in the rebellion, dressed as a woman, and hanged in that disguise.

1.

Glimmering thro' the distant alley, While a dim lamp hardly shone; Limp'd the mighty Macanally, || Meditating and alone.

- \* Earl of Clare.
- + Afterwards first Marquis of Downshire.
- ‡ I. Monk Mason.
- § John Beresford.

An Irish Barrister, Member of the Society of United Irishmen, and, as their champion, fought a duel with Sir Jonah Barrington for speaking in opprobrious terms of that Society.

Often did his footsteps falter, Often did his ardour check; While around a shadowy halter, Play'd on his devoted neck.

3.

Soon the black Association, Of sedition's sons he found; Leagued to give this wretched nation, Many a deep and mortal wound.

4

Scowling in each gloomy feature, Blasphemy and murder lay; Frowns that chill the soul of nature, O'er each face alternate play.

5

But their horror shall I term it, Panic, fright, or abject fear; When the form of pale Macdermot, Seemed to fill the vacant chair.

6.

With wan cheeks and hair defiled, While his neck a halter tied; O'er the frighted gang he smiled, As from his dread form they hied.

7.

Panting every hair erected, First the idiot spokesman fled: Trembling like a thief detected, Ran the son of smuggling Ned.

- 8.

There, who once for fees could strain hard, Who so many friends has hung; Sinks the flesh of limping Leonard, Melted to a heap of dung.

9.

But the bold dare-devil swaggers, And his brother, desperate pair; Now they aim their Gallic daggers, But they pierce a form of air.

10.

As for thee unhappy scion\*
Of an old and noble stock;
Thee shall Pity cast her eye on,
Thee no taunting scorn shall mock.

11.

Starving quacks and briefless lawyers, Foolish gulls and crafty cheats; Tradesmen who know no employers, Gentlemen without estates.

12.

Some in dire confusion running, Heap'd upon each other fall; Some the dreadful spectre shunning, Curse the uncomplying wall.

13.

Not six months were half so tedious, To the soul of mighty Bond;†
Nor to be confined an age, as
Those few minutes in such pound.

\* I suppose the Hon. Simon Butler, son of Lord Mountgarret, Chairman of the Society.

† A woollen draper and tailor, Secretary of the Society,
—he was sentenced to be hanged, but died in prison.

Now the prince of petty follies, Sends an odour through the room: Who mistakes the scent of Collis, Overcoming all perfume?

15.

But, alas! escape is hopeless,
Death invoked rejects their call;
Nor will Ewing\* spin a rope less,
For the law will have them all.

16.

And behold a new disaster, See of ghosts a horrid band; Rise around their strangled master, And at every elbow stand.

17

See, he cries, this dismal presence, Quickened once with honest hearts; These were all brave Irish peasants, Victims of your baleful arts.

18.

Many a curse their weeping widows, Pour upon your hateful gang; Will they (cry their orphans) feed us, By whose arts our fathers hang.

19.

Can we from the wealth of Hervey,†
Hope to pick one scanty meal;
No, alas! tho' hundreds starve, he
Of his pleasures will not fail.

\* The hangman.

<sup>†</sup> Bagenel Hervey, one of the Chiefs of the Wexford rebels, and afterwards hanged.

Will the skill of quacking Drennan\* Heal the wounds his pen has made; Oh that cursed itch of penning, Many a brave heart low has laid.

21.

Could the skill of learned Emmet, Save us from th' offended law; When the tide came could he stem it, Could he save us from its claw.

22.

What avails the land that Tone,† Basely like a traitor fled; If his foul companions go on, His sedition still to spread.

23.

I alas but for your poison, Still might live content with ease; Had I ne'er your works set eyes on, Base destroyer of my peace.

24.

Roused by libels into riot, I dared wrestle with the law; And destroy'd my country's quiet, Hoping still the state to awe.

\* A Doctor,—the penman and bard of the Society—author of several poems. He first gave the epithet "Emerald Isle" to Ireland.

+ T. W. Tone, who was an emissary from the Irish rebels to the French Directory, and held a French commission.

But alas my race is ended,
By a shameful death I fell;
All my guiltless kindred branded,
Hear me then ye fiends of hell.

26.

See these ghastly spectres round ye, Each an hempen halter bears; Heav'n will now at length confound ye, 'Tis for you the rope he wears.

27.

Have you seen the soaring eagle, Pounce upon the hare below; Have you seen the furious beagle, Rush upon his brush tailed foe.

28.

Lo! but hark what dismal howling, Hark what cries assail our ears; Who flies first—the doughty Dowling, Now runs Webb, and now runs Sheares.\*

29.

'Tis the halter so has scared him, Dreadful sight to guilty eyes; Had the devil come he'd dared him, From a rope the felon flies.

30.

Hear the noise and see the bustle,
Now flies Bond and blasphemy;
Empty Lewins, puny Russel,
Bandy Wright and Dixon see.

<sup>\*</sup> All United Irishmen. The brothers Sheares were afterwards hanged.

See who is he yonder stirring,
Who to hide employs each art;
O! art thou there dirty Curran?
Monkey face and Vipers heart!

32.

Who is he with terror shaking,
Underneath a shop-board hid;
'Tis what once was Major Bacon,
Who could cribbage as he did!

33.

Who art thou with block and axe on,
Art thou trembling traitor there;
Come thou forth unlucky Jackson,\*
From beneath M'Dermots chair.

34.

Now a tribe of nameless traitors,
Mixt in vile confusion throng;
Pimps, attornies, tailors, waiters,
Scud with hasty steps along.

35.

Just so pale, so wan, so terrified,
So with panting horror scared;
Once they from the haughty sheriff hied,
When unbidden he appeared.

36.

Still the room is stained with treason,
Tho' the coward crew is fled;
Let us now their papers seize on,
Embryo libels yet unread.

\* Rev. W. Jackson, Agent for the French Directory to the United Irishmen,—afterwards convicted of treason and hanged.

Here exclaims the chieftain spectre,
Burn their papers, burn their plans;
These are from their Grand Director,
Long may he remain in France.

38.

Here are rules to raise defenders, Here the weakness of the coast; Artful libels fit for sounders, Treason for the Morning Post.

39.

Here are challenges for judges, Fairly penned and fit to fill; Now their favorite Priestly trudges, Burn despised sire of ill.

40.

Burn these sons of insurrection, Price, and Macintosh, and Paine; Heap the pile with this collection, Burn the democratic train.

41

Muir, and Margarot, and Skirving, Gerald, Dry, and Dance, and Frost;\* Dignum, too, the well deserving, Now your letters in are tost.

42.

Here, but hark the dawn approaches, Urge the all devouring fire; Hark the cock our stay reproaches, From this nether world retire.

<sup>\*</sup> All preachers or actors of sedition.

Chanticleer his larum sounded,
Every ghost the fond to stay;
Instant at the summons bounded,
Yielding to the voice of day.

# POEMS.

PART II.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOT.

T' m IT.

STOREST STREET

## LYME REGIS.

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,"
I fain would sing---and be the subject Lyme.

FAR on the bosom of the circling bay, That sweeps from rocky Portland west away; Where the first blush of early morning dawns, With laughing light on Devon's lovely lawns; Beneath tall cliffs that o'er the ocean frown, Reclines the quiet unpretending town; And snugly nestled in that circling sweep, From a green vale looks forth upon the deep. Unvexed by crowds and little known to fame, Though on her front she bears the royal name.\* Here tranquil joys a resting place have found, And calm domestic comfort breathes around: Here poor contentment finds repose and health, Nor fears the insolence of neighbouring wealth; Here patient Thrift her little store can nurse, And decent Pride can husband his poor purse; The war-worn Veteran bending to the earth, With plenty here can trim his humble hearth; And hither broken Fashion will repair, To shun the scenes she can no longer share;

<sup>\*</sup> Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, on the Eastern border of Devon, was formerly a port of consequence; it has still a little trade; but the roads to it lying over very steep hills, and its ancient Pier (called the Cobb) being much decayed, it has not advanced with the general prosperity of the empire. It contains 360 houses, and 1925 inhabitants; returns two members to Parliament; 143 miles from London, and in Summer is resorted to for its excellent sea bathing.

And though still missing from her humble board, The luxuries she can no more afford; Often her little means consigned to waste, To keep the farce of dignity and taste. The "sweet boudoir"—the poor but gay saloon, And the dull harp unconscious of a tune, While the sad slave of all this state is fed On scanty morsels of unrelished bread. Here too are pleasures free from guilt or shame; The sportive dance the cheap and sober game, The idler's library—the sheltered walk— The serious converse—the enlivening talk, The week-day business and the sabbath's calm, The church o'er flowing and the heartfelt psalm. Health o'er the lucid wave inviting stands, And calls the weak to tread these yellow sands; Or climb the toilsome cliff with labouring breast, To give repose and appetite a zest. While tenantless the house of bondage lies;\* And Nature smiles in all her countless dyes. Yet even amidst these blessings may be seen, Some wayward Spirit sick with party spleen; That with an appetite perverted pines, Unless he thinks his country's weal declines; Though peace and comfort all around him rise, And stand so obvious to his angry eyes, That he might fairly feel his hopes untrue; Still does the weekly press his bile renew, And prove midst glories gain'd and victories won. That England is, or ought to be, undone. †

\* The goal of Lyme, known by the unexplained name of Cocknamoyle, or Cockamoyle, stands unoccupied.

<sup>†</sup> The class of Antipatriots seems peculiar to England. In other countries individual traitors are found whose corrupt passions or purposes debauch them from the natural love of their country; but they work in secret and conceal their miscreancy: in England only do they form an avowed class exulting in the distresses, exaggerating the losses, and depreciating the glories and successes of their country.—

For here—even here will slander force its way, And here each newest poison of the day, Hot from corrupted London's foulest slime, Is duly sped to taint the air of Lyme. The vulgar clamour and the beastly bray, The coward lie that stabs and slinks away; And those fit allies of sedition's crew, The impious novel and the false review, The songs of lewd Cotytto's filthy train, The atheist reverie, the incestuous strain; And his whose rancorous hatred of mankind, Is justice to his own polluted mind. But still rejected by the wise and just, They find contempt and only raise disgust; And it is fit that this malignant band, Should ever wear in front a warning brand; That rankling Treason still should be combined, With all of loathsome to the human mind. That he who hates the Altar and the Throne. His Maker and his ordinance disown; That he whose factious cries the laws assail, Should gloat in crimes at which the world turns pale.

That he whose soul discordant and impure, No sight of guiltless quiet can endure; Should raise the serpent hiss at woman's name,\* The dearest tie that binds the social frame.

-The French Emigrants, whose cause we were fighting, were wont to rejoice in the very victories which seemed to seal their interminable exile, while persons born in England, I will not call them Englishmen, "though calved in Westminster, deplore the triumph of Warterloo; aye, and record their Antipatriotism in prose and verse.

\* One of this gang who styles himself a critic in his Lectures read before some Cockney Club, (Institution I believe it is called in their slang) has dared to utter against the whole race of English Women, a slander so foul and universal, as should induce every father, son, and brother, in the kingdom to arm himself with a whip-

"To lash the rascal naked thro' the world. "Even from the East to West."

The first best blessing sent him from above, To form rude man to pure devoted love, To sooth his selfish violence and show, A glimpse of Heaven in happiness below.— When commerce ill or feebly understood, Committed our fair fleeces to the flood,\* And sent the treasures of our verdant downs, To swell the turgid wealth of Belgian towns; The painful pack-horse toiled through many a lane, Even now impervious to the cumbrous wain, Patient o'er steep and tedious ways to climb: And pour these riches in the lap of Lyme. Then stretched the massive pier into the wave, † The fragile bark to shelter or to save: Then rose the frequent mansion fair and gay, And looked delighted o'er the silver bay; Then bustling wealth and happy labour smiled, And the snug port was Traffick's favourite child. But times are changed—the smooth and spacious road.

And still canal now bear the gainful load,

— Through what polluted channel this wretch may have crawled into existence it would be worse than loss of time to enquire; but we may be allowed to wonder that such things should be delivered with impunity before persons addressed as "Ladies and Gentlemen." Yet so it is, and it would be quite as erroneous as to estimate a man's moral character by the support he receives from a Westminster mob, and to infer from thence that he was neither a swindler, a libeller, nor an assassin, as to suppose that a Cockney Lecturer need possess the qualities of decency and common sense.

\* "Committed her fair innocence to the flood."—Milton.
† This curious sample of engineering is called the Cobb,
(i. e. Kop Head) it is at present under partial repair, having
been much injured by a tremendous storm in 1816. Nature seems to point out a foundation for its continuation
in a ledge of rock stretching southward from its present extremity into the bay, such an addition would form the best
Harbour between Plymouth and Portsmouth, and secure
shipping from the dangers of Portland Race.

Destined to exercise a British loom. In wealthy Bradford or in pious Frome.\* And since steep hills their barrier interpose, Leave the poor port to calm and dull repose: Perchance did not these lofty hills exclude, The world upon our comforts would intrude; And with its acts of luxury and gain, Bring sordid vice and sorrow in her train. But while the crowded mast and frequent sail. Gave wealth and bustle to this lovely vale. Then often Lyme thy little navy bore. The flower of England to the Gallic shore.† And still may Fancy from thy ruined pier, Behold embark the heroes of Poictier. Or those who won the prize of Cressy's field, Or saw at Agincourt the Frenchman yield; How did their gorgeous banners sweep the air. Neville and Bourchier, Mortimer or Vere; Where now those mighty names, and higher yet, Greater than all—where is Plantagenet; Whelmed in the tide of time entombed they lie, In thy dark sepulchres—Mortality. ‡ When haughty Philip's unrelenting hate, And bigot wrath in fancied strength elate: Doomed our fair land to bear the yoke of Spain, And spread his proud Armada o'er the main;

† Lyme frequently furnished shipping to the Plantagenet

Kings for transporting armies into France.

Crawys, Crocker, and Coplestone, When the Conqueror came were at home.

<sup>\*</sup> Frome deserves this epithet, it was the first to carry into effect by a noble subscription the Act of 1818 for building additional churches.

<sup>‡</sup> These lines are taken from a speech of Lord Crewe upon the Oxford claim of Peerage, which with more taste than is usual in Law writers, Mr. Cruise has quoted in his digest; but Mr. Cruise may be permitted to enter into the enthusiasm of Lord Crewe, since according to the West Country—

Then gallantry and loyalty were seen,
In eager hope around their patriot Queen;
And as the glorious woman gave the word,
Forth from the scabbard leaped each English
sword.

From many a sylvan cove and grassy coombe, Rushed forth her heroes from the plough & loom; And hands that only held the scythe before, Unfurled the sail and plved the labouring oar; With honest zeal and English courage warmed, Their countless barks around th' invader swarmed: Then Drake and Frobisher and Hawkins bore, Their Sovereign's standard from the western shore. And formed alike to win and rule all hearts, The glorious Raleigh—Lord of Arms and Arts. And while they swept her castles from the main, Crushed all the dawning hopes of haughty Spain.\* Then Lymet beheld those lofty castles ride, In short-lived triumph o'er the swelling tide; And boldly sent her little fleet to dare, Th' insulting foe and in the Victory share. Then did her maidens and her matrons still With breathless expectation crowd the hill, And strain across the wave the aching sight, To trace their townsmens banner thro' the fight, And while exulting infants shouted loud, As broke the flashes through the sulphury cloud: Oft did the visage pale and frequent start, Betray the pangs that rent the female heart. Lest in the mingled sounds that meet her ear, Might float the dying groans of some one dear;

<sup>\*</sup> The zealous patriotism of the West of England on the appearance of the Spanish Armada, when every little port sent out its flotilla, and every gentleman armed himself and his tenantry to man these diminutive navies, is well described by Camden. Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Raleigh, those renowned Admirals of Elizabeth were all of Devonshire.

<sup>†</sup> The engagement with the Armada commenced within view of Lyme.

And well I deem that proud Armada bore, One heart that shuddered at its inmost core, To feel there hung upon that day's debate, His country's ruin or his own sad fate. Last of a glorious race, his bigot creed, \* Could urge the wish to see his country bleed, Yet gladly did his English feelings share, In that defeat which gave him to despair— When rankling from Geneva's sternest school, † The restless Puritan aspired to rule; And with unholy cant and fraudful arts, Cheated their Monarch of his people's hearts; Till England's sons beguiled by quibbling words, ‡ Against his person bent their hostile swords. Pampered with wealth deceiving or deceived; Too deeply Lyme the factious taint received; The rebel banner on her wall displayed, His measures thwarted and his progress stayed. While faithful Iscall with protecting arm, Shielded his Queen and royal babe from harm; For different far the spirit that possessed: Dammonia's sons—the patriots of the West.

\* The last Earl of Westmoreland, of the name of Neville, having failed in an insurrection raised for restoration of Popery, when, as Shakespear says of it—

"Certain stars shot madly from their spheres,"

fled to Spain, and was on board the Armada, he died in po-

verty in Flanders.

† Countries which have suffered under general contempt have in more instances than one repaid the injury with interest: Geneva, and Corsica, in producing Calvin, Necker, and Buonaparte, have taken ample revenge for the scorn of mankind.

‡ "The good old cause" of "The King and Parliament."

against the King's person and authority.

|| Exeter (Isca Daumoriorum) was the only place in England where the Queen of Charles I. could rest in safety while she gave birth to the lovely and unfortunate Henrietta, afterwards Duches of Orleans.

Steady in faith\* and firm to England's laws,
Their truth gave lustre to their Sovereign's cause;
Those gallant souls who crowned on Stratton's
height,†

In proud embrace the perils of the fight; Or up the steepy sides of Landsdowne led, With Hopton conquered or with Granville bled.

\* Of the Western Army, Clarendon says, "The fame of their religion and discipline was not less than that of their

courage."

† The Royal army in four columns attacked the Parliament Forces of more than twice their number, strongly posted on the hill of Stratton, in Cornwall, after many hours severe contest, they had gained the middle of the ascent, when their ammunition was exhausted; they then relied on the pike, the forerunner of the British bayonet, and rushing forward overthrew the enemy, took their General prisoner, and as the day closed, met altogether on the top of the hill, "where," says the historian, "they embraced with unspeakable joy."

‡ Sir Beville Granville, (not Grenville,) of a Devonshire family, for many centuries distinguished by loyalty and

patriotism, unstained by arrogance or faction.

The intrepid devotion of Sir Richard Granville in a sea fight off the Azores, in 1561, forms a glorious feature in our naval history. The courage and conduct of Sir Beville, and the unwearied activity of his brother, Sir Richard, long sustained the Royal cause in the West; and the services of Sir John Granville, (son of Sir Beville,) in managing the restoration with his kinsman, General Monk, were rewarded by the Earldom of Bath, and the gratitude of the Nation.

The distinction of name above adverted to becomes necessary on more grounds than one. The spleen of Lord Clarendon, who had a personal quarrel with Sir Richard, has descended to the petty perverseness of writing the name Grenville, and Sometimes Greenfield, in his

history.

It is observed, that every noble family which could claim descent from the Granvilles, has embodied its name and titles with their honours. The family of Thynne has taken the title of Bath; that of Gower, Viscounty of Granville, and even the unaccountable Shelburn, in adopting the title of Landsdowne, paid this homage to his loyal ancestor.

It is from a similar feeling that Devonshire men and their

Berkeley\* and Basset, Arundel and Ball, Trevanion, Slanning, glorious in their fall.

descendants, at whatever distance of time and place, are anxious to assert their connexion with that county—he who reads the story of the west country loyalists in the pages of Clarendon will acknowledge that it is a connexion to be proud of.

The account of Sir Richard Granville's action may be

found at full in Hume, vol. 5, p. 522.

In a small vessel with one hundred and three men, he was surrounded by fifty three sail of Spaniards with ten thousand men—he fought for twenty three hours—repelled fifteen attempts to board him, and destroyed four ships and a thousand of the enemy, nor until he was severely wounded, and had in vain proposed to blow up his ship, was he compelled by the remnant of his crew to strike his colours—the vessel sunk soon after with two hundred Spaniards, and Sir Richard died in a few days, his last words were "Here die I, Richard Granville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true Soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour—my soul willingly departing from this body leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant Soldier is bound to do."

Of Sir Beville Granville's fall at Landsdowne, the noble

Historian of the Civil Wars says:-

"That which would have clouded any victory, and made the loss of others less spoken of, was the death of Sir Beville Granville. He was indeed an excellent person, whose activity, interest and reputation was the foundation of what had been done in Cornwall, and his temper and affection so public "(patriotic)" that no accident which happened could make any impression on him, and his example kept others from taking any thing ill, or at least seeming to do so: in a word, a brighter courage, and a gentler disposition were never married together to make the most cheerful and innocent conversation."

\*Hopton, Arundel, Berkeley, Godolphin, Trevanion, Slanning, and Granville. Of Trevanion and Slanning, Clarendon says that "led by no impulsion but that of conscience and their own observation of the great conductors (for they were both of the House of Commons) they engaged themselves in the opposition to Parliament.

"They were both young, neither of them eight and twenty, and of entire friendship to each other, and to Sir Beville

And high Godolphin, Harris brave and good, And generous Monk himself of regal blood;\*

Granville, \* \* \* they were both mortally wounded at the same moment \* \* \* both had the royal sacrifice of their sovereign's particular sorrow, and the concurrence of all good men; and that which is a greater solemnity to their memories, as it fares with most great and virtuous men whose loss is better understood afterwards, they were as often lamented as the accidents in the public affairs made the courage and loyalty of the Cornish of the greatest signification."

Hopton, Arundel, and Berkeley, were raised to the Peerage, Godolphin is thus celebrated by Hobbes of Malmsbury.

"I have known clearness of judgement, and largeness of fancy, strength of reason, and graceful elocution, a courage for war, and a fear for the laws, and all eminently in one man, and that was my most noble and learned friend Mr. Sydney Godolphin, who, hating no man, nor hated of any, was unfortunately slain in the beginning of the late Civil War, in a public quarrel, by an undiscerned and undiscerning hand."

Of the four above mentioned who fell in battle the uncouth rhyme of the West will shew how ruinous their loss

was supposed to be to the Royal cause.

"The four wheels of Charles's Wain,

"Granville, Godolphin, Trevanion, Slanning slain."

\* It is a part of the cant of faction to impute obscure birth to its opponents. We cannot forget that this reproach was cast on Clive and Warren Hastings. Clive, who possessed a patrimony derived from forefathers, settled before the conquest, and Hastings, who has just (Oct. 1818) been laid in his paternal sepulchre amidst ancestors the Lords of Daylesford for the last six hundred years. So it was with Monk, who came one way of the Plantagenets, (Edward the IV. was his father's great grandfather) and in whose veins ran the noblest blood of Devonshire. Yet was he by the Hogg's and Higginses of the day taunted with obscurity of birth.

A more serious charge is made against him in the catchpenny publication called 'the Historical work', that he betrayed confidential letters in order to effect the (merited) conviction of Argyle. It is, in the first instance, satisfactory to trace the story to the gabble of Burnett; and next, to find that Argyle's trial, reported with abundant tediousness,

does not offer a single syllable in support of it.

And yet another and a dearer name,
Not blazoned in the gorgeous rolls of fame;
But fondly still revered in local lore,
On Taws sequestered banks, and Tamars sylvan
shore.

But vain their stedfast faith, their courage tried, By traitor hands the royal martyr died. Then democratic despotism arose, And hapless England mourning o'er her woes, Saw anarchy to anarchy succeed, Her temples totter, and her children bleed. These were the triumphs of revolted Lyme, But sorrows came in their appointed time, When wretched Monmouth's † cause she madly joined,

His feeble title, and his feebler mind: Then did her festive streets with rapture ring, As her fair virgins met the phantom king; And wreathed their garlands on his luckless sword, And in his hands reposed the sacred word. Short joy! too soon she heard of Sedgemoor's day, The double treason of the coward Grey; Their humbled hero crouching on his knee, To bend his bigot uncle's harsh decree; The savage nature that his tears withstood, And his last hour of misery and blood. But still the storm was distant—soon the vale Re-echoed sad lament and fruitless wail: Where those fair virgins now—the tyrant's rage, Nor spared their beauteous forms or tender age; When Kirk and Jefferies, ministers of hell,

<sup>\*</sup> The weak and unfortunate Monmouth landed at Lyme, where (as afterwards at Taunton) a deputation of young women presented him garlands and a bible. The ruin of his enterprize by the cowardice of Lord Grey, at Sedgemoor; his miserable and fruitless supplications for life; his cruel death, and the bloody campaign of Kirk and Jeffries in the counties which had received him, are recorded in the Histories of England.

Upon this hapless town in vengeance fell. And breathes a Briton who desires once more To rouse these horrors on his native shore: And for vain shadows of more specious form, Expose his country to the ruthless storm. Can we not see in history's passing page How surely slavery crowns a people's rage: That wild and headlong change but once begun, The prize at last will by the sword be won: And wasted nations bleed at ever vein, That Cromwell or Napoleon may reign: Till in its mercy Heaven points out the way To Louis or to William's juster sway. No! to our country give the honours due, Our anti-patriots are the noisy few: "Sick of self love" by vain delusions led, Corruptions in plethoric freedom bred; That swell with momentary pain-and burst And leave the patient healthier than at first: While Britons to themselves continue just, And still in Heaven's protecting bounty trust, Nought shall our country dread from civil rage, The secret compact † or the venomed page. Here sovereign councils still maintained by thee, Hope of the good, and guardian of the free, The noble Falkland of our happier day, Thy country's friend, unshaken Castlereagh: Like him, the patriot with the statesman joined, Of mildest manner and of firmest mind: Still thy fair course for Britain's welfare hold, In honour armed, in conscious virtue bold; Of courage prompt thy sovereign to defend,

<sup>†</sup> Mr. Brougham's association in Westmoreland; his branches & affiliations; his reports and his ribbons, though at present professedly for election purposes, are too much in the taste of the Jacobins, and United Irishmen, not to awaken serious attention. "Ribbon-men" have been found too mischievous in Ireland, for England to desire their introduction.

To serve thy country, or to save thy friend;
What William's wish, and Anna's anxious pain,
And patriot statesmen sought and urged in vain;
To thee in favouring hour was given at length,
To blend our islands in united strength;
To crush corrupted faction's dirty trade,
And send its votaries to the loom and spade;
Till unincumbered by domestic foes,
In her full power Britannia's empire rose;
Bade the rude sway of wild discussion cease,
And gave the harrassed world to breathe in peace.
One who has marked through many a fateful year,
The happy progress of thy bright career; \*

\* A British Minister is, ex officio, the object of calumny: a tax he pays for his exaltations. But Lord Castlereagh has, besides the enemies common to all Statesmen, enemies enflamed by rancorus feeling of personal disappointment. The great measure of Union was ruin to the traffic of those adventurers so well described by one of their own class, as carrying a little pack of patriotism to the Parliamentary market, the market is no longer open, and the pack must be carried elsewhere. The London newspapers offer at once the means of employment and revenge, and hence the virulence with which Lord Castlereagh is assailed.

In perfect consistency of public conduct Lord Castle-reagh has not been exceeded. The pledges which he gave as a member of the Northern Club (of Ireland) in 1791, have all been triumphantly redeemed. They were to effect certain internal arrangements for preserving the independence of the House of Commons, and to obtain a reform in the representation. The first was accomplished by the Irish Place and Pension Acts; and the last most completely by the Union, which, taking the franchise from one hundred close boroughs, and leaving the returns to the counties, cities, and great towns, has given to Ireland a repre-

sentation perhaps too democratic.

It has been a fashion to charge upon Lord Castlereagh those acts of violence said to have been committed in suppressing the rebellion of 1798. It is probable that most of these tales of terror might be classed with Mr. Hutchinson's famous statement, which met so full an explanation from Mr. Croker, when it appeared that the simple fact of exposing the bodies of rebels slain in fight, in order that

One whom his country's sorrow can depress, Whilst high his pulses beat at her success; One who to courts and factions never bowed, But always what his heart approved avowed; Speaks from that heart with grateful feelings

fraught,

For good unhoped, and benefits unsought; Though at safe distance under fervid skies. Still ever turned his soul where Britain lies; Though far removed he heard no angry sound, Yet could he see the busy scene go round; Could see the Fury faction seize the hour, Of peevish discontent to grasp at power; Could see the senseless crowd with frenzy wild, Turn on its guardians like a froward child; Eager, the matchless blessings they enjoy, Their country and its glories to destroy; Who could see this, and not with anguish feel, Deep and sad bodings for the public weal. When first the tempest gathered fierce and loud, And mighty nations sank and empires bowed, By Providence upraised, a pilot stood, Firm at our helm, and stemmed the raging flood; Through many an arduous day he toiled to save, His darling Britain from the threatening wave; And when the angry storm appeared to pause, His grateful country crowned him with applause: But soon, too soon, the gathering clouds again, Burst in terrific outrage o'er the main: Again our faithful pilot took his stand, With strength alas! relaxed, and feebler hand;

they might be owned and delivered to their friends, was made the foundation of a charge of deliberate and ostenta-

tious cruelty.

But as affecting Lord Castlereagh, the refutation of those calumnies will be found in the fact, that he was not Minister of Ireland until the rebellion had been suppressed, and was then only concerned in the subsequent acts of amnesty and mercy, now repaid by slander and ingratitude.

Worn down with toil he fell, while his last breath, Prayed for his country as he sunk in death; Who but remembers that sad day of gloom, That gave our Guardian to an early tomb: Yet drear as seemed the prospect, though around, In fell and hideous shapes destruction frowned; While midst the general dread a motley race, Suspicious and suspected, seized his place; Britain relied on Heaven's peculiar care, And with that trust 'twere impious to despair. Though while we wept o'er Pitt and Nelson's bier, And e'en the bravest felt that hour of fear; When doubt and danger glared on every side, And Tyranny stalked forth with giant stride, Wielding each vassal kingdom but to gain, Another and another to his chain. When coward selfishness and canting fraud, Advised submission to the despot's rod; When grief did every British heart o'erwhelm, As that fantastic crew assumed the helm; Who toiled a few mad months to wreck our fame, And brand with impotence the British name; Who could believe that Britain yet should see, The days of splendour which she owes to thee; Thy wisdom could in Wellesley's orient fame, See the fit guide to lead the patriot flame; Which bursting forth from universal Spain, Aroused mankind to rend the tyrant's chain. But these are lofty themes—my humble Muse, Again the subject of her verse pursues; Let lowly worth her recollection claim, And Lyme exult in honest Coram's † name: Though mean his station, and his birth obscure, Friend of the friendless—patron of the poor; For many an anxious year the good man toiled,

<sup>\*</sup> Thomas Coram, a mariner of Lyme, by his unceasing applications to the powerful and benevolent, succeeded in establishing the Hospital for Foundlings, in London.

To snatch from famine the deserted child: To teach the infant heart its hopes to raise, And lift its helpless hands to prayer and praise: Heaven on his pious labours deigned to smile, And British bounty reared the stately pile; Where thousands saved and sheltered vet proclaim, Their ceaseless gratitude to Coram's name. Nor shall thy charms dear Up-Lyme be forgot, The loaded orchard, and the sheltered cot; The racy perfume borne upon the breeze, From the full vintage of thy bending trees; The modest church, the pure and nameless rill, And the wild beauties of thy russet hill:\* How sweet from hence to see the infant day, Dance o'er the rippling wave in wanton play: How sweet to see the purple light expand, O'er those tall capes that jut upon thy strand, Like centinels to guard the lovely land, Each after each disposed in order still, From Golden Cop to Shipton's lofty hill: That happy hill to be remembered long, Embalmed in Lewesdon's animated song; To see the clouds of wreathing smoke that rise, Where in the woodland dell the hamlet lies. How lovely all, how grateful to the sight, Long sickened with the fervid blaze of light, That pours on tropic scenes with beam intense, Fevers the brain, and maddens every sense. And you, dear partner, resting on mine arm, Whose presence lent e'en tropic scenes a charm, How did your heart with happiness expand,

† Golden Cop, a remarkable headland near Charmouth. Shipton is described in Mr. Crowe's beautiful poem of Lewesdon Hill.

<sup>\*</sup> The beautiful vale of Up-Lyme, which seems marked out as the track by which to connect Lyme with the great London road, but which has been studiously avoided to lead the road over two precipitous hills. Up-Lyme is remarkable for the beauty and abundance of its orchards.

When once again you pressed a British strand; And saw your playful urchins roving wild O'er fields that in the glow of summer smiled; Nor felt that happiness disturbed by care, Of lurking serpents, or of noon-tide glare. How with a pleasure long untasted trace, The ruddy bloom of every rustic face; And think how ill the pomp of pride and wealth, Exchanged for thee—inestimable health. Far to the westward lies an antique pile, Round whose grey walls the golden orchards smile; Where Axe through meadows winds his lucid way There Blenheim's hero first beheld the day.\* Rich in his country's love, his poets praise, And still unrivalled till our happier days; For dark the traits by faithful history told, His crooked counsels, and his lust of gold. Ours is the faultless hero, East and West, The unchecked triumph of his arms attest; The glorious champion of delivered Spain, The tyrant's scourge, the soldier without stain: Britannia's pride, Iernes' darling son, And Europe's shield, unconquered Wellington. Oh! that my feeble summons could awake, The harp of Modor, or the Northern lake; Or his who sung of Floden's direful fray, Or the high strain of Talavera's day. To distant times his glories to prolong, Then should the theme be equalled by the song; Now to our rural theme, the woodland hill. The clustered hamlet, and the glassy rill; Where no swoln opulence usurps the scene, Contracts the sunny slopes, the dingles green:

<sup>\*</sup> Ash, about five miles from Lyme, now a farm-house, formerly a seat of the Drobe family. Sir Winton Churchill, a zealous royalist, having taken refuge here with his brother-in-law, Sir John Drobe, his son John, the first Duke of Marlborough, was born here in 1650.

But all is free as is the balmy air, Which wealth may taste, and poverty may share. The roving eye on vonder up-land meets, The track that leads to Pinhay's green retreats, But let me the intrusive step forbear, The guarded gate prohibits entrance there; And Pinhay, boast of every neighbouring tongue, Her cliffs and orchards must remain unsung. And hark! across the dell a welcome peal, From you grey tower proclaims the time of meal; And as our lightsome step the hill descends, To join our social board and cheerful friends, To meet the laughing love of infant eyes, And the soft smiles on beauty's cheek that rise; With thoughts elastic as the ambient air, Our grateful spirit breathes a fervent prayer, That never vice or discord may annoy These haunts of innocence and quiet joy; And ever 'mongst them boast delightful vale, O'er flowing churches, and an empty jail.

End of Part I.

#### Part II.

THAT bell again! but oh! how changed the sound, As flote the dull and measured notes around, To tell alike the serious and the gay, A fellow soul has left its home of clay, And passes now the inevitable bourn, Which each of us must travel in his turn: And though we know the irrevocable doom, Yet act as though secure it ne'er could come. And what new victim of Autumnal rage, Now takes departure from this busy stage, The trappings and the virgin shaw-ments tell, A spotless maid has bid this world farewell: Few days have passed to her of grief and pain, Since last we saw her lead the infant train; What time their morning task was cheerly done, To sport and glitter in the early sun; How did their little looks for favour vie, Or shrink corrected from her watchful eve: How did her gentle voice approval speak, How did her kindly hand support the weak; Excite the humble and confirm the gay, Herself as mild and innocent as they; That gentle voice is silent, that fine form Will now be laid a banquet for the worm; And that pure spirit unincumbered rise, To seek its lasting mansion in the skies. Now mourners for a time, the funeral train Appears to read the lesson not in vain; The solemn service rendering dust to dust, And teaching us in whom to place our trust: Awakens all to feel the chastening rod, And own the power and mercies of our God. The earth cast in calls forth a hollow sound, That strikes perforce on every bosom round: And tells us in a strain from flattery free.

Both what we are, and what we soon must be. And now the grave is closed, a grassy heap Just marks the spot in which her ashes sleep; The crowd attest her innocence and truth, Deplore her sufferings, and her hapless youth. And then disperse, each on his several way, To join the sport or business of the day, And waste, regardless of its healing hour, The precious balsam of this serious hour. And I am left alone, below me raves The restless ocean, round me are the graves; In vain to them th' incessant surges roar, Their silent tenants heed the sound no more: But their ambition sleeps not, still survives On many a stone the story of their lives. Here one :- six times a Mayor, reclines in state, And tells, for history's sake, his name and date; For 't would be serious loss to after time, Were the world ignorant he was Mayor of Lyme. Here lies a wanderer, many a region passed, His weary footsteps here are fixed at last; He long in burning climes for wealth had sought, And ruined health with riches homeward brought; In vain he looked to medicine for aid, The rankling poison on his vitals preved; And when e'en Doctors could not but despair, They sent him here to gasp his native air. In the next narrow-house a darling maid, With trembling hands by sorrowing parents laid, Is just recorded by an humble stone, But to dear friends and loved companions known; The simple letters that commenced her name, Protection for her ashes serve to claim, And say no more; no praise of form or birth, But unobtrusive as her modest worth. Now, by the path that winds among the tombs, With faultering steps an aged rustic comes; He stops beside a tomb that seems to raise,

Some recollection of his earlier days; Questioned he tells me,—" One that I knew well,

" Is here reposing in his narrow cell;

" For many a year with almost brother's love,

" Did we our varied lot together prove;

- "Since full of life, with boyish hopes possessed, "We left our home, a Borough in the West;
- "Long struggled he in poverty and pain, A scanty living in these parts to gain;

"At last a rich relation died, whose wealth

- " Could give him every thing but ease and health,
- "His labour ceased indeed, but with it ceased,
- "The power to combat anguish that increased;

" A little while he held his golden prize,

"Was rich and wretched, and now here he lies.

" If you would please to hear, I can relate,

"The tale of that rich kinsman and his mate;

" I had it from the Vicar, full and true,

" For all from first to last his Reverence knew.

## THE TALE.

From twelve years old to forty (bless the mark)
Was Peter Hogson a pains taking clerk;
At cyphering he could puzzle half the land,
And much he boasted his fair Roman hand;
He, in due time, could accurately spell,
And round a period excellently well;
Knew all the nicety of office forms,
The hint that checks the hope, the phrase that
warms;

The frothy promise of all meaning clear,
The harsh rebuke, the cold and haughty sneer;
But as they flowed from Hogson's plodding quill,
He felt as little for their good or ill,
As if he were a mere official mill.
In his sqat form, and hard unmeaning face,

No jot of genius could th' observer trace; Yet Peter Hogson was not quite a fool, And from experience gathered many a rule; To lowly men could scarcely be polite, Or in a great man's presence stand upright; But most observant of his patron's eye, His back was ever bent when he was by; True, Peter Hogson was uncouth and rough, His bow was humble, and that was enough; And as that bow his patron chanced to please, Promotion followed him in due degrees; When many a painful year at pounce and pen, Had lifted Hogson above vulgar men; It served some useful purposes of state, To make old Peter our Chief Magistrate: And he and Abigal were forthwith sent, To bless our borough with good government, For prudent Peter his designs to aid, Had wed his patron's mistress waiting maid; Long time had mistress Hogson, luckless dame, Endured in sorrow such a vulgar name; But when upon her spouse a title fell, For what exploit no man alive would tell; Then lady Hogson shone forth in her pride, And knight and lady simpered side by side; At church in grimly consequence he sate, And filled with portly paunch the chair of state; Raised just twelve inches from the vulgar floor, His swinish form was seen from either door; Whether he chose to pray, or doze, or snore; Full in his front to catch each amourous look, The lady Hogson kneeled behind her book; And smoothed her gown in many a decent fold, While all around her ogling eyes she rolled; Or else, affecting a religious qualm, She swayed her see-saw body to the psalm; And waved her book, and spread her arms abroad, To shew the public how she worshipped God;

For lady Hogson even at her prayers, Could not forget her mistress cast off airs; And whatsoever station she might fill, In manners was a waiting woman still; Mean, sordid, selfish, arrogant, and vain, The knight and lady scorned the borough train; And knowing they deserved the public hate, By insolence essayed to keep up state; Their ready tool at hand was Lawyer Sneak, To cheat the powerful, and oppress the weak; The lowest circles of the servile tribe, Prepared with smile, and bow, and lie, and gibe, To fetch reports, to hint his worship's will, And poison in the general car distil; To note who failed in reverence, or was slack, Or on the worthy lady turned her back; To watch those crimes that no excuse allow. A still born courtsey, or a mangled bow; But mid her honours, insolence, and airs, Poor Lady Hogson had her secret cares; In her old spouse she could distinctly trace, How fast the crow's-feet puckered round his face! In his short neck, red nose, and sunken eyes, She saw that death might take him by surprise; And knew how slight, unless possessed of store. The charms of widowhood at fifty-four; Though few those years compared with sixty-seven, Which he had numbered on his road to heaven: Against that dangerous period to provide, She sacrificed e'en consequence and pride; Scanted his table, locked his cellar close, And drove expensive follies from his house; Placed every penny carefully at nurse, And spared no pains to fill her private purse; She thought, if nothing better could be had, That Lawyer Sneak was still a comely lad; But fate upon her purpose chose to frown, A luckless fever knocked my Lady down;

Old Peter followed, and his hoarded store, Enriched a kinsman driven from his door; While a fine monument all gold and praise, His name and virtues to the world displays.

This was the Vicar's tale, and hence he drew, Much useful moral, sound, and just, and true, That riches bring not happiness—that man Must look for sorrow in life's narrow span, That fairest hopes on worldly prospects built, Are blighted oft by misery and guilt: But he would add, to cheer our sinking hearts, The assurance which the sacred word imparts; That in our deepest sadness—faith supplies, A never failing balm for weeping eyes; And who has not his sorrows? in this vale, That spreads her bosom to the southern gale; That decked in nature's plenty seems to smile, The loveliest favourite of a lovely isle; Where beauties count the seasons as they run, And gather freshness each revolving sun; Where rosy health might hold her happy court, And round her joy and innocence resort; E'en here can life experience every shade, E'en here can folly ruin, vice degrade; E'en here can baffled hope distress the mind, And fleeting pleasure leave but stings behind; As objects seen at distance oft agree, In one soft tint of blended harmony; Which, when submitted to our nearer eyes, In broken slopes, and hideous contrast rise; E'en so with man—too oft his outward show, May beam with joy and pleasure's splendid glow; But seen more nearly, passions angry jar, And pain, and crime, the fair appearance mar: Wretched, indeed, as beings without hope,

Were we, did this world bound our utmost scope; This world, whose choicest gifts oft bear a stain Of vice, or guilt, or infamy, or pain: Were there not proffered to our seeking eyes, A glorious and imperishable prize; Proffered by him All-merciful All-good, Who in return asks only gratitude; Yet, your philosophers who hate the light, Will rather grovel on in blundering night, And, purblind in the radiant blaze of day, Prefer his own weak reason's lanthorn ray; E'en now I see him ranging o'er the strand, His basket and his hammer in his hand, Pride in his heart, and cunning in his eye, He comes to prove all Moses wrote, a lie; Decides by ovster shells and rows of mud, That all is fable about Noah's flood; Thinks every blow he strikes upon the rock, He gives to Genesis a mortal shock; Shews by the cockles in their strata laid, That this eternal world was never made; And a Creator briefly thus dismissed, Away with fear and worship, creed and priest; Then hies him home his wetted shoes to change, His specimens and notions to arrange; And with the knowledge he so wisely gleans, Fill Scotch Reviews, and Atheist Magazines; Others in metaphysic lore refined, Become the manglers of the human mind; Strip all its form and loveliness away, And bare each loathsome weakness of the day; Then gloating o'er the butcheries of their knife, Exulting cry, "of such is human life:" But such we were not made; the sordid earth That cradles in the infant soul from birth. May with gross passions and perverted views Be soiled, and spotted, and the taint diffuse Upon the immortal spirit; but a power,

Benevolent as just, will give the hour When purified by merits, not its own, That spirit may approach his awful throne. Again there are, who, as their system serves, Detect the ethereal soul in glands and nerves; Or skilfully her secret dwelling trace, In the sculls roughness, or the wrinkled face; Poor theorists! th' eternal spark, in vain You seek in sordid matter to restrain: Beyond your reach it soars—beyond your sight, And finds its dwelling in the realms of light; Whence can this strange anxiety arise, Against the light of truth to close our eyes; Does infidelity so cheer the mind, That to be happy, mortals must be blind; Does the blank desert of eternal sleep Afford consoling views to them that weep, Or is it charity would send away The sufferer's hope, the wretch's surest stay. No! search the secret out and vice and pride, In these delusions firmly are allied; And like the rustic whistling in the night, Assume false courage to conceal their fright; Some darling passion man would fain indulge, And a new scheme to favour it promulge. Th' adulterer scoffs at marriage—his pure mind Cannot conceive how words the free can bind; Words muttered by a priest too, to controul The noble wanderings of his generous soul. Incest another loves—another wealth— Another sees no mighty harm in stealth; Then moulds a new religion by his rules, Or spurns at all as only chains for fools; And thus compendiously discards the clog, That interrupts his course, the Decalogue. But can these wild delusions always hold, Can the still voice within be thus controlled? May they not wake as from a dreadful trance,

When wearied down by passion's giddy dance,
They find themselves in desperate frenzy whirled
Upon the dizzy brink of either world;
And see the dismal vortex yawn below,
The hideous region of Eternal woe.
Who then can save them? He whom they offend,
E'en he, if yet implored, is still their friend;
E'en he, whose promise they have set at nought,
Will snatch them from the ruin they have sought;
The late repentant freely will forgive,
And bid him leave his wickedness and live!

End of Part II.

1 plant, which will be 177.0" | 1 that we will be a second of the

#### A BALLAD

OF

## CAREW AND COURTENAY.

The story is to be found in Prince's Worthies of Devon, (Ed. 1810, p. 162.) That part which relates to the death of Sir Andrew Barton is omitted. Barton had been killed in a sea-fight with Lord *Edward* Howard before the battle of Flodden.

On Isca's wooded banks are seen,
The wreck of Bickleigh's towers;
The ruin of its noble walls,
Its gay and stately towers:
For Bickleigh's Lord too loyally,
Sustained his sovereign's cause;
And Bickleigh's Hall in ruin fell,
With England's King and laws.

It were a tale to stir the heart,
So tender and so true;
To tell how Bickleigh's heir was wooed,
And won by young Carew:
And how the pride of wealth bowed down,
To honour's nobler force;
And how their faithful love deserved,
And found its happy course.

At evening met on Isca's bank,
The lovers warm and true;
A Courtenay was the maiden,
And the youth a bold Carew:

And never bathed a fairer maid, In Kenna's\* crystal wave; Nor ever Haccombe's gallant house, Sent forth a son more brave.

"Alas! alas! the maiden cried,
That we are forced to part;
But if my guardian rule my hand,
He cannot rule my heart:
He thinks his duty urges him,
Upon our love to frown;
But if that duty should be his,
"Tis mine that love to crown.

"He spreads a long and gorgeous roll,
Before my dazzled sight;
That beams with crowns and coronets,
And the crest of many a knight:
Where royal names and titles proud,
Attest a lofty stem;
With Grecia's † high imperial crown,
And Salem's ‡ diadem.

"Edessa's jeweiled coronet,
These gorgeous rolls display;
And many a lordly title else,
That long has passed away:
Until the happiest of his race,
The Royal Capet's son;
In dear and lovely Devon wooed,
The maid of Okehampton.

\* Kenna. The River Ken near Powderham.

<sup>†</sup> The pedigree of Courtenay derived by the Devonshire history from the grandson of Louis le Gross, whose father assumed the name of Courtenay, and who himself married the heiress of the Earl of Devon, Lord of the House of Okehampton.

The house of Courtenay gave Emperors to Constan-

"From hence he says your lineage springs, With lands and lordships proud;
Nor ever to a landless love,
A Courtenay's heir has bowed;
And nothing in its haughty swell,
That blood is humbled yet;
Since mingled with the dangerous tide,
Of high Plantagenet.

"But what avail these sounding words,
And lofty thoughts to me;
Or what avail my wide domains,
Unless my heart be free:
"T were better far like Baldwin\* beg,
An exile's bitter bread;
Than live like Okehampton's high Lord,
In splendour and in dread.

"But 'tis thy haughty brother's will,
My guardian stern and high;
And for a space I must submit,
In baffled hope to sigh:
But thou my chosen Lord shalt be,
When fails his hated power;
Though we alas! must sadly part,
Until that blessed hour."

"Though landless be thy faithful squire,"
The gallant youth replied;

tinople, Kings to Jerusalem, and Counts to the Syriam principality of Edessa.

\* Baldwin, the last Emperor, was expelled from his dominions, and wandered over Europe to solicit alms for the maintenance of his dignity and recovery of his possessions.

† The Marquis of Exeter, Grandson of Edward IV. first the favourite and afterwards the victim of the jealousy of Henry VIII. "Yet surely Haccombe's Lord might well, Indulge a brother's pride:
Though high and splendid be thy race, Yet will I claim our due;
Nor yield to any mortal name,
The honours of Carew.

"From Beauclerk's \* royal race we come,
And youngest of our line;
We hold the Lords of Windsor,
And the princely Geraldine:
It is I ween no churlish stock,
From which these titles spring;
Nor need Carew through landless shame,
To stand before the king.

"But oh! cheer up my lovely maid,
And hear thy destined Lord;
He goes to prove his worth for thee,
And win thee by his sword:
Forth by tomorrow's dawn he goes,
To sail upon the main;
And takes with him one humble page,
A younger brother's train.

"For since our King † for Normandy,
Has crossed the foaming deep;
The vengeful Scot has threatened high,
The narrow sea to sweep:
But the brave Lord Edmond ‡ Howard shows,
Old England's flag on high;

\* The Carews of Haccombe derive themselves from the marriage of William with the daughter of Henry I. surnamed Beauclerk. The pedigrees differ on the point here assumed, but the antiquity of their stock is unquestionable. † Henry VIII.

‡ Lord Edmond Howard, third son of the Earl of Surry, who with his father and elder brother gained the great victory at Flodden.

And with that gallant Lord I go, To conquer or to die.

"To win a glorious name in arms,
Thy love shall be my guide;
Or should my death thy sorrow wake,
'Twill also raise thy pride:
For when Carew shall fall 'twill be,
The foremost in the strife;
And should he win a glorious name,
He claims thee for his wife."

With many a vow and soft caress,
The grieving lovers part;
And many a time the lovely maid,
Was pressed against his heart:
And many a tender sweet farewell,
And many a fond adieu;
Was said between the Courtenay's heir
And her gallant young Carew.

# Part II.

Now float's aloft old England's flag
Upon the freshening breeze;
And proudly the Lord Edmond sweeps,
Along the narrow seas:
Nor does the wily Scot put forth,
That red cross flag to meet;
But in his inmost harbour lurks,
The safe and cautious fleet.

The gallant Howard bends his course, Along Northumbria's strand; A beacon flames on Cheviot fell, The signal flies to land: To land to land with eagerness,
Press every gallant crew;
And first and foremost on the beach,
Is seen the young Carew.

Nor slacked they of that eager pace,
Nor bated of their speed;
Until at Flodden's feet they stood,
And looked upon the Tweed:
There floated Surry's silver bend,
Upon its ruby field;
And soon the tressured lion \* was,
To gasp upon that shield.

And there on Flodden's dizzy brow,
The Scottish army proud;
Gleamed out by flashes on the sight,
Like lightning through a cloud:
The brave Lord Dacre drew his force,
Upon the plain below;
And with the bold Lord Stanley bade,
Defiance to the foe.

But deem not that I dare presume,
To sing of Flodden fight;
My humble wing adventures not,
To soar so high a flight:
The lofty theme too well deserved,
A muse of heavenly fire;
And well that muse her task hath done,
On Scot's enchanting lyre.

Thrice on Lord Edmond Howard pressed, A furious Scottish band, And thrice the bold Carew was seen, Against their force to stand:

<sup>\*</sup> In honour of the victory of Flodden, the Earl of Surry

Athwart the line in wild despair, At last they rushed amain; And brave Lord Edmond and Carew, Were severed from their train.

"Ride, ride, Lord Edmond for thy life, "Yon little bridge to gain;

"That little bridge against the foe, "I singly will maintain:

"Your surcoat on my shoulders throw, "The foe shall keep at bay;

"Ride, ride, Lord Edmond for thy life, "There is no time to stay.

That little bridge they briefly gained,
And on the bold Carew;
Unwillingly Lord Edmond then,
His gaudy surcoat threw:
The furious foe came rushing on,
And still as they came nigh;
"Yield, yield, Lord Edmond Howard yield,"
Was the loud and eager cry.

"Lord Edmond Howard will not yield,"
Exclaimed the bold Carew;
The while across that little bridge,
His gallant steed he drew:
And as the foe approached him,
Each his bearing did admire;
To see a single warrior thus,
Disdaining to retire.

And long and stoutly did they fight, In most unequal strife;

had an augmentation of honour made to his arms in the tressured Lion of Scotland, the arms of the kingdom, with an arrow through his jaws. And long Carew maintained his post,
His liberty and life:
At length a ford was found at which,
The Scots passed safely o'er;
And now they charge him from behind,
And press on him before.

"Yield, yield, Lord Edmond Howard now,
"Yield up thyself or die;"
"I yield myself," said bold Carew,
"But never would I fly:"
And hark what shouts from Flodden rise,
And from the banks of Till;
Lord Edmond Howard's banner floats;
The highest on the hill.

"Then who art thou," the Captain cried,
"That art our hard earned prize;
"Art thou that Lord whose banner now,
"On yonder mountain flies;"
"Nor Lord nor Knight," said young Carew,
"A landless Squire am I;
"But of a race that never yet,
"Would from the battle fly,

Now far and wide was heard around,
A loud victorious shout;
And over Till and Tweed the Scots,
Were seen in hasty rout:
They left their King upon the field,
While Scotland's noblest blood;
Ran swiftly down the mountain's side,
And mingled with the flood.

"Tis now our time to ride for life,"
The Scottish leader said;
And captive to the flying band,
The bold Carew was led;

With haste they fled from that sad field, And into Scotland far; Nor drew the rein, nor spared the spur, Until they reached Dunbar.

The gallant Earl of Surry went,
To view that bloody field;
Where many a noble corpse there lay,
And many a broken shield:

"And what Lord Edmond," quoth the Earl,

"Amidst our general joy;

"What clouds the face of my dear son, "What grieves my gallant boy."

"Alas! Lord Edmond cried," I miss, "A fair and gallant youth;

"Who gave his life, I fear for mine, A martyr to his truth:

"The honours of this glorious day,
"I freely would forego;

"That still my brave Carew were safe, "With certainty to know."

Then stepped there forth a young foot page, "He was my master dear;

"And long in vain I toiled my limbs, "To keep my master near;

"On yonder hill for breath I stood, "When rushing o'er the plain;

"Two warriors came at utmost speed, "That little bridge to gain.

"They changed their surcoats as they passed, "And to my wandering view;

"One rode away to join our force, "With the bearings of Carew:

"The Howards' arms the other bore, "The crosslet and the bend:

"Upon that little bridge he stood, "The passage to defend.

"And long the foe he kept at bay,
"Till by numbers overpowered;
"The Scots exulting bade him yield,
"And called the captive Howard."
Now letters fair to Scotland go,
Of ransom free and large;
And for Carew two Scottish knights,
They gladly did discharge.

And every generous Howard vied,
To grace a friend so true;
Till soon a wealthy Squire of lands,
Was grown the bold Carew.

#### Part III.

The feast was spread in Bickleigh's Hall,
And on the topmost tower;
The ruddy orbs of Courtenay\* glowed,
To mark the happy hour:
That closed the rigid guardianship,
Of Haccombe's haughty Lord;
And told the world that Bickleigh's heir,
No longer was in ward.

The mirth was high and joyous,
And gorgeous was the feast;
And many an happy yeoman there,
And many a noble guest:
When from without a mighty shout,
And wide the portal flew;

<sup>\*</sup> The arms of Courtenay are three tooleaux.

And through the hall a warrior strode, With the bearings of Carew.\*

A single page attended him,
With helmet and with shield;
Where stalked three sable lions,
Upon a golden field:
Oh rapid is the glance of love,
And quick the maiden's eye;
Descried the silver crescent† there,
His mark of cadency.

The feast became a nuptial feast,
And mirth and joy went round;
That constancy and valour thus,
Were by love and beauty crowned:
And many a brave and comely son,
And many a maiden fair;
Soon blessed the union of Carew,
And Courtenay's lovely heir.

\* The arms of Carew are three lions passant sable.

+ His distinction as a second brother.

End of Part III.

#### LINES

Inscribed on the Monument of Wm. H. Clatter, Capt. of the First Ceylon Regiment, who died July 25th, 1820, at Colombo.

Gentle and firm, affectionate and brave A Soldier, and a Christian, fills this grave; Of stedfast honour, and of manners kind, Unshaken truth, and independent mind: Him a loved partner and dear children mourn, By fell disease from their embraces torn; As Husband, Father, Friend, he felt the rod, But for himself bowed meekly to his God.

# FRAGMENT.

In full abundance Father hast thou shed,
Thy dearest gifts on my unworthy head:
The blessings that a parent's name impart,
The golden cordial of a partner's heart;
A competence to meet my anxious thought,
And fame, I trust, with truth and honour bought;
Oh! deem me not unthankful if I dare,
For health, sweet health, to lift my humble prayer.

00€D≥00

#### GIFFARD'S LEAP.

From Polwhele's History of Devonshire, Vol. 2, p. 420.

THE cliffs adjoining the sea are remarkably high, craggy, and romantic. The highest bears the marks of, and is supposed to have been, an ancient fortress; and still retains the name of Peppercombe Castle. Another, not far distant from Peppercombe Castle, is noted for a remarkable accident which happened there about half a century ago, which is thus: some of the ancient family of Giffard, and others on a party of pleasure, having seated themselves on the top of this cliff, which commands an extensive view of the sea, one of the Giffard's (a young man) sitting carelessly near the brink, and turning himself about hastily, fell backward over the precipice, upwards of one hundred and thirty feet perpendicular, and the floor at bottom covered with craggy rocks and large stones, yet received no manner of hurt: Since which this place has borne the name of Giffard's Jump.

In the dark woods of Umberleigh Lord Arthur\* leads his quiet life, Amongst his daughter's children free From courtly cares and courtly strife.

No other wish has he, and yet Oft might a thought of lofty things Visit the last Plantagenet, Sprung from a race of mighty kings;

<sup>\*</sup> Plantagenet. Viscount Lisle.

But well, I ween, the jealous mind Of his hot nephew he has known, Nor is his peaceful soul inclined To seek the thorns that fill a throne.

He leaves to Courtenay and to Pole, The favours of that dangerous king, Who watches in his gloomy soul, The time to make his tiger spring.

There on the sylvan banks of Taw, One lovely daughter blessed his bed, And twice her bridal rites he saw, Though now he mourns that daughter dead.

In opening youth to Basset's heir Her not unwilling hand she gave, But clouded was the prospect fair, When Basset filled an early grave:

But youth and grief will lightly part, And Monk the heir of Potheridge came, She yielded him her widowed heart, And to his halls he bore the dame:

Their darling Margaret now is grown The wonder of the Torridge side, And good Lord Arthur deems that none Deserves to claim her for a bride:

She was his wayward giddy child, Unchecked by aught save love's controul, And when upon his face she smiled, 'Twas sunshine to the old man's soul.

But the young heir of Halsbury Tells his soft wish and wins her heart, A bold and graceful youth is he, And formed to play the lovers part. And Parkham bells have told the tale That lovely Margaret is his bride, And every village in the vale Has to that joyous sound replied—

"Come forth, my love," the bridegroom said,

"Come look upon the Severn sea,"

"Yon cliff that proudly lifts his head "Shall be a seat for you and me."

In sportive mood the cliff they gained, The raptured pair the waters view'd, And o'er the edge their sight they strained, To mark the wild waves fierce and rude,

And still to trace the rocky beach, Mocking her husband's anxious eye, The giddy Margaret forth would stretch, And still another look would try:

To lure her from this dangerous spot

He turns to point each neighbouring scene—

"And look my love, where Portledge Court

"Smiles lovely o'er the level green

- "Smiles lovely o'er the level green,
- "And westward, dear, direct thine eyes Where pendent like a sea bird's nest,

" In quiet calm Clovelly lies,

- " Reposing on the cliffs high breast;
- " See Hartland closing round the bay,
- "Glamorgan's shadowy mountains view,
- " And Lundy, braving ocean's sway,
  " And Dunster's heights of distant blue.
- " Refrain, my dearest love, refrain,
- " Nor wildly tempt this dreadful height,
- "While o'er this giddy brink you strain,
- "The shock may blind your dazzled sight."-

Her footing fails—his powerful hand
Saves her—but for a sight of woe,
He sees her just securely stand,
And he himself is hurled below.

Oh bear away that wretched bride A dismal road to Halsbury hall, This morning saw her in her pride And noontide sees her reft of all.

Lord Arthur is a wretched man To see that pale and lifeless child, Who, when that dismal day began In joy, and health, and beauty smiled;

And far and near he sends for aid To every Leech of healing skill, And well are his commands obeyed, And soon that mourning hall they fill;

But as each remedy applied Recalls her back to sense and life, 'Tis but to tell that wretched bride That she no longer is a wife.

And now a murmur rises round.

His voice—his own loved voice—she hears,
She rushes to the well known sound,
And bathes him in her joyful tears;

- "Oh where, and how, my dearest best,
- "Restored to me, to love, and life, "What Angel could that fate arrest,
- " Sought by thy wretched reckless wife?"
- " My humblest grateful thanks," he said,
- "To the All-merciful are due
- "Whose arm has snatched me from the dead,
- " Restored to life, and love, and you;

- " For he, without whose will, no hair
- " Is idly from our temples shed,
- " Even as I fell in middle air,
- " The means of safety round me spread,
- "Twas where of old a ragged oak,
- "That halfway down the cliff had grown,
- " Forth from a crevice in the rock
- "Its old and tangled root had thrown,
- " With wild convulsive grasp my hands
- "Upon that tangled root I flung,
- "And pendent o'er the stony strand
- "In momentary safety hung-
- " A jutting stone, a gadding briar,
- "Were aids upon my perilous way,
- " (Small are the aids that we require,
- "When love and life the prize display,)
- " And soon to many a wondering friend,
- " Lamenting my untimely doom,
- " Did I the lower cliff ascend,
- " And hasten to this happy home."

He ceased, and well you may suppose, The gratitude that Margaret felt, When in that evenings happy close, To pour her fervent thanks she knelt—

Ages have pass'd, and names are gone But living still in local lore— Right well the "Giffard's Leap" is known To those who tread that rocky shore—

# TO FAME.

In a dearth of News. (1790.)

Goddess, varying as the hours, Changeful as the silver Moon, That like the sky, in April showers, Art jocund now, and sad as soon.

Where, fickle Goddess, dost thou stray?
Why dost now thy trump suspend?
Shall the din of battle bray?
Does the haughty Spaniard bend?

Dost thou laugh at Gallia's train, Wrangling for the bubble Power; Empty Statesmen—Patriots vain, Strutting, fading, every hour?

Dost thou wander through the reeds
That deck the swampy sides of Scheldt,
Where Bigotry, in monkish weeds,
Against too mild a sway rebelled?

Or, where the Ottoman array,
And Austria, glitter to the sight,
Dost thou watch the live-long day,
And wait the long impending fight?

Dost thou stay in Rufus' hall,
'Mid the hushed astonished crowd,
On silver Burke attentive all,
To echo every breath aloud?

Whither, Goddess, shall I turn?
Where explore thy hallowed shrine?
For thee my bosom still shall burn,
Nor rest till I can call thee mine.

## ON VISITING THE RUINS

OF

# BRIGHTLEY, IN DEVONSHIRE.

Written in 1792.

"IF in the bosom of this devious wood, Far from the sight of man, ye love to dwell, Whence frighted Taw escapes with hurried flood, While all his waves with panting terror swell—

Souls of my Fathers—guide my wand'ring feet To that dark dell where rest your faded forms, Where, far from strife, ye hold communion sweet, And, far from care, deride the passing storms."

I hear the hallowed sound—the yielding boughs Obsequious, shew a passage through the grove; I feel my heart beat high, my spirit rouse; And now they speak, in strains of joy and love—

"Welcome, thrice welcome to this sacred gloom, To Fathers for their loyalty renowned, Who know the meed of Virtue's deathless bloom, Who ne'er the stain of foul dishonour found."

And now I see a manly form advance, Whose open features beam with stern delight; The twilight scarcely glimmers on his lance, And his plumed helmet sheds a waving night.

"My son, (he cries) I marked the rising sigh, When thro' the tottering halls you bent your way, Where Brightley's walls in dreary ruin lie, And even our memory hurries to decay. "I saw—with rapture saw the filial tear; Thy pious tribute at a Grandsire's grave; Where, ranged in monumental pomp, appear Thy Mothers virtuous, and thy Fathers brave.

"Tho' proud achievements shew our spotless birth, Our loyalty a prouder boast shall prove; For while we trod in mortal form the earth, Our king possess'd our swords, our hearts, our love.

"And when fanatic fury, through the land, Rais'd her infernal head against the Crown, I saw a ruffian aim his murderous hand, This arm uplifted felled the traitor down.

"Yet treason triumphed o'er my hapless King; His sacred blood by villain hands was shed:—
Then did the wretched land with discord ring,
And anarchy distracting darkness spread.

"But e're my wearied eyes had sunk to rest, I saw my Sovereign's Son regain his throne; The glorious vision calmed my aching breast, I sunk in death, without a parting groan.

"For you, my Son, attend to my command; Revere your King—be loyalty your pride, And should contending Faction shake the land, Prove it most firmly—when most fiercely tried."

# THE LAURUSTINUS, THE SWEET PEA, AND THE OAK.

A FABLE IN IMITATION OF LANGHORN.

# September, 1796.

- "Rise, lovely Plant, around me twine,
- " And point thy tendrils to the skies;
- "Thy weakly form repose on mine:-
- " Arise, my blushing fair, arise!
- " No longer trail the chilling ground,
- " Nor thy fair blossoms thus defile:
- "Spread all thy fragrant influence round;
- " And in supported beauty smile.
- " For, sheltered from the wasting breeze,
- " My humble hardy branches spread;
- "When Winter strips the prouder trees,
- " He moves unheeded o'er my head."

Thus, to the Sweet-Pea's roving bloom, The modest Laurustinus spoke; Where covered by the friendly gloom, He grew beneath a lofty Oak.

The Sweet Pea blushed a deeper red; 'Twas like Eliza's blush of scorn:—

- " And were my beauties formed," she said,
- "Thy homely branches to adorn:
- "What though in each fair blossom dwell
- "The lilly blended with the rose,
- "Which scarce Eliza's cheeks excel,
- "When she with love or anger glows,

- "Yet hope not in thine homely shade,
- "These blended beauties to sustain;
- " Nor think I want thy vulgar aid, "Against the wind and driving rain:
- " No !-round the monarch of the grove,
- " In bold ambition let me twine;
- "There pledge my pure and faithful love, "And proudly call that monarch mine."

The clouds of winter veil the sky, The whistling winds begin to roar; Around the screaming sea-birds fly, And fill with shrieks the frighted shore.

Around the Oak the Sweet Pea clings, And faintly folds her feeble arms; While through his boughs the tempest rings, He stands, regardless of her charms.

In vain, unhappy plant, in vain
She seeks for aid beneath his power;
Her tendrils strew the wasted plain,
And wild winds tear each blushing flower.

This little tale, my charming fair, A plain, but useful, lesson proves, That mutual help and fostering care, Are only found in equal loves.

## INVASION OF IRELAND.

Christmas, 1796.

Now fair and strong the South-East blew, And high the billows rose; The French fleet bounded o'er the main, Freighted with Erin's foes.

Oh! where was Hood, and where was Howe And where Cornwallis then; Where Colpoys, Bridport, and Pellew And all their gallant train?

Nor skill nor courage aught avail,
Against high Heaven's decrees:
The storm arose and closed our ports,
A mist o'erspread the seas.

For not to feeble mortal Man
Did God his vengeance trust;
He raised his own tremendous arm,
All powerful as all just.

Now fierce and loud the tempest roared, And swept the quivering main; And part go South, and part go West, And part the shore attain.

And trembling on the boisterous wave The shattered vessels lie, The billows mounting o'er their heads, To kiss the bending sky.

"Arise ye sons of Erin, rise
"The Gaul is on the shore;
"He comes, begrim'd with murder foul,
"And red with royal gore."

The sons of Themis proudly drew
The sword of Justice bright;
And thirty thousand Yeoman's swords
Reflected back its light.

Now firm and bold, her patriot Sons
To Erin's coasts repair;
With ardent zeal they hold their march,
Their banners fill the air.

In Bantry's deep and rocky bay
The hostile Navy rode;
And now arrived the festal hour
When earth beheld her God.

The impious crews, with anxious eyes,
Gazed on each verdant plain:
And mocked and scoffed the holy time,
With many a jest prophane.

But sure such loud and angry winds Ne'er shook the seas before, Nor ever did the glaring clouds With such deep thunder roar.

And fierce and furious is the gale
That tears the troubled sky;
While, trembling in the dreadful blast,
The boasting cowards fly.

For thirteen nights and thirteen days
Their scattered Navv strove;
And some were wrecked, and some, despair
Before the tempest drove,

Now, ever praised be our God, Who saved us from their hand; And never more may foe presume To dare this Christian land.

#### TO ELIZA.

1797.

Say, lovely maid, for pity's sake declare, Why with averted eye, and look unkind, You chill the fondest visions of my mind? Ah why so merciless, or why so fair?

Oh, by that angel-soul which, blest above, Looks down with pity on this world of care, Which saw the first dawn of my infant love, And by her smile forbad me to despair,

Oh by that soul which shared Eliza's heart, Whilst it inspired the lovely Caroline, For her sweet sake, thy cause of hate impart, Tell me what sad unpardoned fault is mine, For her sake to mine anxious prayer incline, Nor let me longer thus in doubt and anguish pine.

#### ON BEING IN KILDARE.

In October, 1798.

Why did I leave my home so fair, Where once I roved with lightsome glee; Ye fatal plains of cursed Kildare, What charms, alas, have ye for me.

Why did I leave my woodbine bower, To trace those horrid fields of blood, Where fell, in Treason's dreadful hour, The brave, the loyal, and the good.

Ah, let me seek my healthy hill, The scene of many a happier day; That scene my troubled breast may still, Though pleasure must be far away.

# THE PILGRIM.

Delivered in the Character of a Pilgrim, at a Masquerade given in Dublin, in celebration of the Peace, on the King's Birth-day, 1802.

Ye Beauties of the Western Isle, Ah! listen to the Pilgrim's tale; Upon his labours kindly smile, Who follows you with fervent zeal.

If nine long years' unceasing toil, O'er many a distant land and sea, Since last I saw my native Isle, Can move your pity—list to me.

When Discord here began to roam, And bade all social comfort cease, With heavy heart I left my home, A Pilgrim to the shrine of Peace.

Far, far from Gallia's guilty strand, I bent my steps, with fearful haste, Where bleak and bare her ruins stand, The monuments of ruthless waste.

In vain to check the rage of war, The wilds of rude St. Bernard rose; Even here was urged the blood-stain'd car, And red were died the Alpine snows.

From fair Italia's fragrant groves, The seats of Love and Piety, The trumpet scar'd the frighted Doves, Nor Love, nor Peace, were there for me. At length, ('twas classic ground I trod,) I kissed the rocky shores of Greece; But there, too, War had rais'd his rod, And trampled on the fame of Peace.

From thence to holy Palestine, With humbled heart I bent my way; At honoured Salem's sacred shrine My vows for Love and Peace to pay.

But neither Sion's sacred hill, Nor Carmel's holy mount were free; The grove of Sharon echoed still, With lengthened cries of misery.

On Acre's walls the Christian Knight, The blood-red Cross of England raised; In guilty haste, and wild affright, The daring Atheist fled amazed.

Where'er my toilsome steps I turned, Pursuing still my weary way, That blood-red Cross in glory burned, And rescued Nations blessed its sway.

On Egypt's dark and distant shore, I heard the British thunder peal; The blackening smoke, the battle's roar, Were mixed with Saba's spicy gale.

And fiercely through the troubled sky, I saw the British lightning dart; The murky clouds began to fly, And east and west were seen to part.

And then my long-expected Star, The Star of Peace began to smile; I hailed its lovely beams from far, And saw them gild my native Isle. Blest Isle! where Peace and Beauty dwell; No more a wanderer should I roam, Would some dear Maid this heart compel To pay its vows of truth at home.

Blest Isle! thy Sovereign's natal day, Is still a day of joy to thee: For him a grateful people pray, The friend of Peace and Liberty.

## CATHERINE.

1805.

The vermeil cheek, the glance of fire,
To kindle or controul desire—
The eye that boldly shoots around,
To seek where conquest may be found—
The syren voice, the ivory hand,
Skilled to allure, or to command,
Displayed for selfish victory,
May dazzle, but delight not me.

But oh! the fond observant eye,
That marks a father's anxious sigh—
The voice that sooths the bed of pain,
As soft as music's softest strain—
The hand that tends the couch of care,
Than polished ivory more fair—

'Tis piety makes these divine, For these I love my Catherine.

How oft have I listened in vain,
To the spiritless labours of art,
While the dull and inanimate strain,
Could awake no response in the heart,
But when Catherine pours the sweet song
In ecstacy trembles each wire,
And the fancy is hurried along,
In a full stream of heavenly fire.

ODE\*

For The

25th of October, 1809.

Depone vanos invidiæ metus, Urbisque fidens dignitate, Per plateas animosus aude. Hor. ad librum suum.

I.

Away, away; far, far away, On this auspicious day Be strife, and all her baneful brood! Let no discordant sound intrude, Upon the festal lay:

This day to mirth and joy is given,
And holy gratitude to Heaven,
Which deigns a nation's prayer to hear,
And adds another opening year
To grace the lengthened reign of George the Good.

II.

Down the rapid stream of time Many a fateful year has roll'd,

\* Written for the celebration of the Jubilee in Dublin. The opening stanza is designed to express the very laudable and patriotic feeling with which the gentlemen who conducted this celebration endeavoured to exclude every party consideration, and to embrace in the general festivity every class of their fellow subjects.

Since on Windsor's height sublime
This day an English Monarch told;
He who decked in Gallia's spoils,
Won by the Sable Warrior's toils,
Reared the ruby cross on high,
The star of English Chivalry;
And round his Throne in lovely order set,
Saw his seven lions of Plantagenet.

#### III.

Equal in glories nobly won,
That decorate fair Windsor's brow,
Begirt alike by many a gallant son,
Great George; far happier thou!
The sweetest gift of favouring Heaven,
Connubial bliss to thee is given,
Nor dost thou like the widowed Edward mourn
A faithful Consort's tomb—an Hero's early urn!\*

### IV.

Whilst frighted Nations pant for breath,
Or fall—to rise no more,
And scowling o'er the field of death,
Stands Gallia grim with gore;
Thy happy Islands lift their head in peace,
And though the fiends of war in angry chase,

\* Edward III. of Windsor, founder of the Order of the Garter, was the last English monarch whose reign extended to fifty years; Edward, the Black Prince, the eldest of his sons, and Philippa his beloved queen, were dead seven years before that period.

"Edward the Black Prince, Who on the French ground played a tragedy, Making defeat of the full power of France— Whiles his most mighty father on a hill Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp Forage in blood of French nobility.—Shakspeare.

Yell round our ears, in vain the hell-hounds roar, 'Gainst Albion's chalky cliffs and Erin's verdant shore.

#### V.

From smoaking ruins—sanguined plains
The Muse with horror turns the averted eye;
A nobler theme demands her strains,
The praise of George the Good and virtuous liberty.
Happy people—envied king—
While howling tempests tear each neighbouring

coast,
(Where hopes and fears, for ever on the wing,
Flit through the troubled air, and vex each adverse host.)

With mutual love your hearts in concord glow, Such love as patriot kings and grateful subjects know.

### VI.

From farthest India's glowing clime,
To where the polar wave
Heaped into pyramids sublime,
Dares the star of day to brave;
Through many a distant land,
Through many a separated isle,
Whose fields in golden culture smile,
Are felt the blessing of thy guardian hand.

## VII.

Where'er throughout the admiring world
Thy navy spreads the sail;
Where'er thy standard is unfurl'd,
The blended Crosses waved on high,
Give freedom to the gale.
The wretch, whom fraud or force enthrall,

Though to the abject ground
In sordid slavery bound,
Does he but raise his feeble eye,
To where that standard fills the sky,
Does he but breathe the air thy banners fan,
Instant his chains are burst, his fetters fall,
He lifts his form erect, and feels himself a man.

### VIII.

Fostered by thy favouring care,\*
The sister arts, a smiling train,
A laureate wreath prepare
To decorate thy reign.
For thee they bid the canvas glow,
For thee the swelling organ blow;
And Poetry, celestial maid,
Exulting boasts of many a name
Linked with thine in endless fame.
The bard of Auburn's pensive shade;
The moral sage, whose vigorous hand
Lashed vice and folly from the land;
The gentler swain, whose scraph song
Could charm to scrious thought the giddy throng,
And lure the soul to Heaven in flowery bands along

## IX.

But with the honoured dead
The milder muse is fled:
An ardent band awakes the lyre,
To deeds of high emprize and martial fire.†

<sup>\*</sup> The patronage which our beloved king has bestowed on the Fine Arts, in the foundation of the Royal Academy; the encouragement of Musical Science; and the liberality with which Literary talents have been fostered and rewarded; particularly in the instances of Johnson and Cowper, both of whom enjoyed the Royal bounty.

† The present prevailing taste for heroic composition,

From Linden bursts the crash of war,
The Minstrel sings on Teviot's side,
Of border frays and lordly pride,
Deep feuds and revels gay;
And he whose matin star
Beams with Apollo's purest ray,
Pours the proud strain of Trafalgar,
And Talavera's glorious day.

#### X.

To swell the note of praise,
Fair Science joins her grateful voice,
Rich in the spoil of ancient days,
Her letter'd sons in thee rejoice.\*
By thee protected, they explore
The frozen deep, the burning shore,
The heaving sand, the palmy isle,
And through his animated bed,
To where he hides his oozy head,
The long reluctant Nile;

less than the epic and higher than the ballad, partaking of much of the force and dignity of the one, and enjoying the ease and popular form of the other, is instanced in Campbell's noble stanzas of Hohenlinden; the Minstrel and Marmion of Scott; and the singularly beautiful and animated Poems in celebration of Trafalgar and Talavera, attributed to an Irish gentleman of no common talents; these three writers have been distinguished by proofs of royal favour; Mr. Campbell has a pension, Mr. Scott a situation of considerable value, and our young and able countryman has been lately called to fill an office of the highest respect and confidence.

\* The encouragement of Phipps, Cooke, Park, Vancouver, and the much slandered Bruce, in their adventurous researches; the additions to astronomical knowledge in the discoveries of Herschel, made under His Majesty's immediate protection, and the name of Georgium Sidus given by the philosopher to the new planet in honour of his patron.

For thee the Philosophic eye
Excursive, to the verge of space,
Sweeps through all the starry sky
Thy name in distant orbs to trace;
That name, to Science and to Virtue dear,
Shall Memory through immortal ages bear.

Loval to her Patriot King,

#### XI.

Firm in many a dangerous hour,
And blest in thy paternal power,
Thy Faithful City stands.\*
Her festive halls with rapture ring,
Thy name inspires her gallant bands;
To thee she consecrates the day,
To thee devotes the choral lay,
And while she pours the song of praise,
She breathes a fervent prayer,
That Heaven may still her much-loved Sovereign spare,

To bless his people by his lengthen'd days.

<sup>\*</sup> Faithful, the appropriate epithet by which His Majesty has been pleased most justly to distinguish his City of Dublin.

# ON LEAVING DUNDRUM, CO. DUBLIN.

March, 1810.

Yet once again, before we part, Here let my lingering eyes delay, Here look another last adieu; The scenes that pleased my infant heart, And gladdened many a cheerful day, These eyes again may never view.

'Twas here, in life's enchanting hour, When all was joy and all was new, I frolicked wild in thoughtless glee; And here I twined my fairy bower, And here my little garden grew, Like me, at random liberty.

And here, with those on whom the grave Has closed in life's first opening bloom, My careless steps were wont to stray; Two Brothers, kind, and good, and brave, One slow disease laid in the tomb, One fell in Erin's dreadful day.

And never fails their memory dear, To wring afresh my sorrowing breast, While thus the scenes of happier hours, Call forth anew the natural tear, And trace again the days so blest, When here we twined our fairy bowers.

'Twas here our anxious Father taught Of Honour, Loyalty, and Truth, And pressed them on each tender mind; His Hero-Son the lesson caught, And martyred in the dawn of youth, His sorrowing tutor left behind. Here too—but sad reflections rise; Come, let me send my thoughts abroad, And scan the lovely scene once more, From where beneath the Western skies, Of rugged mountains many a load, Winds onward to the Eastern shore.

And thence, where stretched along the wave, Howth like a giant monster lies, Guarded by his attendant Isles; By fair Clontarf, the Patriot's grave, Where spires, and masts, and turrets rise, And Dublin in the sun-beam smiles.

How rich, how varied, laugh around, The verdant fields, the villas gay, The busy town, the swelling sail; How frequent rise in mingled sound, The civic stir, the rustic lay, The noisy port, the lowing vale.

And these have each a cheering tone, That strikes my heart with rapture still, With memory of former days; And can, while musing and alone, That heart with soothing sorrow fill And sad, but lovely, visions raise.

And oh! beneath a burning sun, Or fanned by India's fragrant gales, Or sheltered by the lordly palm; Shall here excursive Fancy run, And trace again those infant tales, This agonizing breast to calm.

Yes; memory is a blessing given, (When free from guilt's unholy stain,) Where'er our weary footsteps stray, She is an Angel sent from Heaven, That lights our hopes and soothes our pain, And cheers the wanderer on his way.

## RONCESVALLES.

Colombo, 1814.

" Venea el Labrador cantando aquel romance qui dice,

" Mala la huvesteis Franceses,

"En esa de Roncesvalles," &c. Don Quix. p. ii. c 9.

" Where Charlemagne with all his peerage fell,

"By Fontarabia." PARAD. LOST.

Sing the song of Roncesvalles, Arthur's glory, Rowland's fame; Sing again of Fontarabia, France's rout and France's shame.

Warriors of the Thames and Tagus, High-born Cavaliers of Spain, Brothers in the glorious contest, There the bloody field maintain.

From Vimiera's grassy vallies, From Busaco's airy height, From Rodrigo's antique towers, Rolled along the tide of fight. Fierce it swept o'er Talavera, High o'er Badajoz it swelled, On through sacred Salamanca, Still its furious course it held.

Red its wave on Albuera, O'er Barrosa's mountain hold, O'er Tariffa's giant barrier, Onward still the torrent rolled.

Wide and fierce the tide of battle Pours on Leon and Castile; Soon the towers of Vittoria Its resistless force must feel.

Who directs that tide of battle? Erin's boast and Albion's pride, 'Tis our own, our gallant Arthur, He directs that dreadful tide.

Where the haughty Pyreneans With their summits cleave the skies, Onward moves the gallant Arthur, While the hunted Frenchman flies.

As the Eagle to his aerie, High the rising torrent soars, Bursting through a thousand vallies, Round each rocky base it roars.

From above our gallant Britons, Now the plains of France behold, Glowing in their pride of harvest, Plains of vegetable gold.

Like that rich and glowing harvest, Spread the invaders over Spain; Swept away by British valour, Of their thousands nought remain. Stung with rage, the traitor tyrant Drives new thousands to the fight, On through Gascony advancing, Now they climb the gory height.

Firmly as the Pyreneans, British valour meets the shock; Vainly toil the frantic foemen, As the wave against the rock.

Baffled fly those frantic foemen; Gascony beholds their shame; While the echoing Roncesvalles, Hears a conquering Rowland's name.

Shout exulting Lusitania; Shout Ibera's patriot band; Now no more the foot of Frenchmen Shall pollute your rescued land.

Sing the song of Roncesvalles; Arthur's glory, Rowland's fame; Sing again of Fontarabia, France's rout and France's shame.

### ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

Colombo, April, 1814.

The romantic Castle of St. Michael, situated upon a lofty insulated Hill, in Mount's Bay, is the theme of many a Cornish legend; the most prevalent supposes that their 'long lost Arthur' resides there, under the immediate guardianship of the Archangel, until the time appointed for his return to the earth; and it is to this Milton alludes when he says—

"Where the great vision of the guarded Mount Looks to Namanco's and Bayona's hold."

The Western Sun had sunk in gold, A purple ray o'erspread the tide, Where great St. Michael's lofty hold Looks o'er the ocean, far and wide.

And scattered in the parting day, Was many a British ensign seen, Quick glancing through that purple ray, The children of the ocean's Queen,

Now old Belerium's giant height, Fast fading in the shadowy sky, Caught the last gleam of western light, And gave it back to Fancy's eye.

That gleam on high St. Michael fell, The guarded Mount in glory blazed; A Bard, aroused by Fancy's spell, His song in fear and wonder raised—

- " Great vision of the guarded hill,
- " Our long-lost Arthur's guide and shield
- "O'er Britain's welfare watchful still,
- " Her stay in many a bloody field.
- " Across the main thy gleaming spear
- " To fair Bayona points its light;
- " And red-cross warriors there appear,
- " Clad in the gory garb of fight.
- "Thy ruby Cross aloft they raise,
- "Thine ancient star of victory;
- "They emulate our Arthur's days
- " And Arthur's self again they see.
- " Now o'er the scene of guilt and fraud,
- "Where captive Kings their fate deplored,
- " The fierce Iberian lifts the rod,
- " And Britain waves her angry sword.
- " Even in that seat of boasted crime,
- " The tyrant's hated banners fall;
- " And Vengeance claims her destined time,
- " And hovers o'er the fated walls.
- " And now the hunted robber flies;
- "The northern skies are filled with light;
- " Now East and West the nations rise,
- " And rush indignant to the fight.
- " Now raise the lance and lift the brand;
- " Pour desolation and dismay,
- " And vengeance on the guilty land,
- " And sweep the faithless race away."

Flashed the red lightning's angry glare; A mighty voice in thunder broke, And cried—"Presumptuous man forbear." (It was the sacred Vision spoke.)

- "Dost thou, a creeping worm, presume
- "To wield the dreadful wrath of Heaven!
- " And are to thee the keys of doom,
- " And life, and death, and vengeance given!
- " No; 'tis to Him who looks on all,
- "That all should humbly bow the knee;
- " And where His wrath or blessings fall,
- "Submissive meet the high decree.

With humbled pride, the sorrowing Bard In silence and in wonder bowed; While the hoar mountain's mighty guard Spread thick around his sable cloud.

Now vanished every glimpse of light; And mount, and cliff, and hold, and bay, Sunk in the deep repose of night, Awaited the return of day.

#### PEACE.

Colombo, August, 1814.

T.

Hark! hear ye not a lengthened sound
Along the wide horizon sweep?
It dies in distant murmurs on the deep;
And silence, awful and profound,
Spreading her downy mantle far and near,
In long expectant pause detains the listening ear.

#### II.

Now on their adamantine hinges close
The brazen gates of war,
And in that sound that o'er the horizon rose,
Ye heard the last long thunders of his car;
While cheerful as the Orient Star,
Diffusing light, and life, and love,
See smiling Peace with jocund footsteps move.

## III,

And is the lovely vision true,
And is mankind to hope repose,
Is there no foul malignant fiend abroad,
To raise again the afflicting rod,
His hands in blood and terror to imbrue,
And gorge his lust of power with human woes?

#### IV.

Is the rude Russian in his wintry cave
Safe from ambition's searching sword?
Is the swart Spaniard in his chesnut grove
Free from oppressions murderous horde?
Can gold the unresisting burgher save,
Or crouching monarch's soothe the assassin's
love?

#### V.

Or does one mighty deluge swallow all,
And the blank surface shew a front of peace?
Beneath the tide must all the nations fall,
Must Europe and her glories sink and cease;
And does not still the red-cross banner wave,
The beacon light of hope, to succour and to save?

#### VI.

Yes! towering o'er that flood
Of fraud, and force, and crime,
Unshaken, unsubdued,
With awful front sublime,
Long had Britannia dauntless stood,
Her frown indignant on the tyrant hurled,
And waved that cross on high, to cheer the suffering
world.

### VII.

Not idly waved that cheering sign;
From Calpe's height to Moscow's distant plain,
Insulted millions felt its force divine,
And rushed to arms fair freedom to regain;
In Titan strength the tyrant rose,
He poured his vassals on his foes,
Wave after wave, a countless human tide;
And Lusitania's hills with gore were dyed,
And myriads found a grave in Lithuania's snows.

## VIII.

Rejoice—the work is done,
The baffled monster flies:
And hunted to his lair,
Till vengeance finds him there,
He sinks no more to rise—
The dreadful time is past and gone,

And Peace, with unaffected smile,

Exulting looks with parent love o'er continent
and isle.

IX.

Alas! (on human joy
Pale sorrow will intrude,
And claim a tear:)
Alas! for him whose patriot care,
And piety sincere,
Between his people and the danger stood,
And stayed the wasting flood
That went forth to destroy!
Oh that he now might in their triumph share!
Alas for George the good!

#### X.

Oh! that upon that darkened mind
Obscured by dull disease,
Almighty power would please
To pour again the intellectual ray;
That filial love exulting might display
The glories of his delegated sway,
And his own Britons show, the pride of human kind?

## ARTHUR OE DANGAN.\*

Song of an Irish Soldier.

Let some talk of Cæsar, as keen as a razor,
Of Hector and bold Alexander;
And if such their will is—why boast of Achilles,
I'll sing of one greater and grander.
In spite of all noise and haranguing,
There's none like brave Arthur of Dangan,
Who has given our foes such a banging;
No hero in story has gather'd such glory,
As our gallant Arthur of Dangan.

It was here out in India—he rattled up Scindia,
And forced him to take his scrapers,
And then at Assaye—how he pepper'd away,
You have read of it all in the papers.
For in spite of all noise and haranguing,
There's none like brave Arthur of Dangan,
Who gave the black Rajah a banging,
No hero, &c.

When the French were intriguing at cold Copenhagen,
He dashed through the river Kioge,
Oh there was such fun, to behold the Danes run,
And the Holsteiners dancing the bogy.
For in spite of all noise and haranguing,
There's none like our Arthur of Dangan,
Who gave the bold Danes such a banging,
No hero, &c.

<sup>\*</sup> The Duke of Wellington was born at Dangan Castle, in Ireland.

In Portugal next—for I stick to my text,
Ugly Junot he thrashed at Vimeiro,
But their dirty convention, I beg you wont mention,
Where they spoilt all the work of the hero,
For in spite of all noise and haranguing
There's none like our Arthur of Dangan,
Who gave ugly Junot a banging,
No hero, &c.

Talavera's bright fountains, Buzaco's high mountains,
Salamanca and many miles farther,
And strongest Sebastians, the enemy's last chance,
Will tell of the fame of our Arthur;
For in spite of all noise and haranguing,
There's none like brave Arthur of Dangan,
Who gave the French Marshals a banging,

I'm almost out of breath, in just tracing his path,
But still into France he would enter;
Though after Toulouse, the Mounseers did not
choose.

No hero, &c.

On another engagement to venture.

For awhile ceased their noise and haranguing,
When they thought of brave Arthur of Dangan,
Who gave the Mounseers such a banging,
No hero, &c.

Though still Buonaparte, conceited and hearty,
Declared he could never be beaten;
But at famed Waterloo, Arthur proved it untrue,
And taught him the art of retreating.
There's an end of his noise and haranguing,
All thanks to brave Arthur of Dangan,
Who gave Buonaparte a banging,
No hero, &c.

## THE ANDAMAN BOY.

(A True Story.)

1816.

1

With favouring gale her pleasant course The gallant vessel ran, And as the sun arose she passed The Isle of Andaman.

2

There dwells a rude and savage race, That with extremest toil, A scanty sustenance extort From an ungrateful soil.

3

The land was almost out of sight, When loud the seaboy cried, That, struggling with the distan wave, A human form he spied.

4

Down goes the helm, back go the sails, The boat is on the wave; For never yet were Britons slack, A human life to save.

5

The sturdy crew against the wind Long plied the willing oar, And to the ship returning glad A boy in safety bore. Now rescued from impending fate, And cheered by generous food, By signs he told his luckless tale, And well was understood.

7

How wand'ring on the sandy shore What time the ship he spied, At earliest dawn, in boyish play, He ventured on the tide.

8

In thoughtless eagerness he swam, But still the ship went on, Until bewildered and perplexed He saw the rising sun.

9

Far from the ship, and from the shore, He struggled long in vain, Until no more his youthful limbs The labour could sustain.

10

And had not then the sailor boy
Descried him on the wave,
And had not well the boatmen rowed
The sea had been his grave.

11

The Andaman no more was seen,
The ship pursued her way,
For to fair Lanca's verdant isle
Her destined voyage lay.

Oh then! to see that anxious boy, Look towards his native land, And sadly sigh as he was brought To tread a foreign strand.

13

Nor Lanca's Isle, nor kindliest care, Could aught of joy impart; His mind was on the Andaman, For home was in his heart.

14

Upon the bleak and lofty cliff
That looks upon the main,
The live long day that boy would sit
And strain his sight in vain.

15

He thought upon his leaf-built hut, His hard and simple fare, But they were lost—and all to him Was dull and dark despair.

16

And vainly did the gallant crew The boy from danger save, For day by day he pined away And soon was in his grave.

17

And who from Scotia's healthy hills, Or Erin's emerald isle, Or happy England's fertile fields, At such a tale can smile. 18

Though boundless regions spread between, Though mighty oceans part, Who of you all that does not feel That Home is in his heart.

## DUNDRUM.

March, 1817.

Oh! that the distant hour were come, When I might see thee, dear Dundrum! Though bleak and bare thy mountains rise, And dreary be thy wintry skies, When snowy fields lie all around, And the winds moan with sullen sound, Yet still amongst thy gloomiest scenes What pleasure recollection gleans, When she recalls the sheltered nook Where oft I loitered with my book; And, reckless of the wintry wind, To idle visions gave my mind, Or wrapt in contemplation warm Regarded not the passing storm; Or springing upward, doffed aside The chains of indolence and pride, And full of joy, of life and health, Thought not of caution, care or wealth; Climbed fearlessly the misty hill, Though angry words would roar their fill; And still at day's departing hour Returned to my paternal bower, And lost in many a kindred smile The sense of tempest and of toil,

And cheerful in the social room Forgot December's frost and gloom, While circled round the blazing fire The youthful jests that never tire. Such were the wintry hours—but when Blithe spring came smiling o'er the plain, And every primrose oped its eye To gaze upon the lovely sky, When the soft meadows splangled floor Enticed the chariest out of door. When the young orchards swelling blush Began to shade the timid thrush, And the brooks running bright and clear Proclaimed that summer days were near. When every bush, and all the sky, Rang with the birds full melody, The scene to heaven would lift the mind, And leaving earthly thoughts behind On fancy's pinion would she soar, And filled with old poetic lore, Would freely dream of matchless song In ardent numbers borne along; Of laurels won by lofty rhyme And fame that spurns the scythe of time; Till the exhausted wing at length, Compelled to feel decay of strength, Recalled the thoughts to fellow men, And sank to them and earth again.

#### TO HAROLD.

1818.

Who would wrest the honours due From the men of Waterloo, When the glorious field is won, And the hated Tyrant low? Britain's base degenerate son, Madly dares her name to tarnish; To exalt her baffled foe, To deplore his fallen state, And his infamy to varnish. Could such thought admission find But in gloomy Harold's mind! Scowling with malignant hate On the quiet of mankind!

Twice ten years the harrassed world, Into wreck and ruin hurl'd, Saw the plague of sword and flame Riot in fair Freedom's name. Tyranny, with blood defil'd, Offspring foul of Force and Fraud, Clad as holy Freedom's child, Stalked with daring front abroad, Pouring on the frighted Earth Many a lewd and monstrous birth. Rout and Rapine sped his way, Fear and Folly yelled applause, Blood and Ruin marked his sway, Rifled Fanes and trampled Laws; Blotting the all-glorious Sun Stood the fiend Napoleon-

Prodigal of human blood Long he poured the living flood: Long the tide of conquest leading, And o'er wasted nations speeding, Grief and misery and dismay, Wreck and horror strewed his way. Undismayed and unsubdued Britain unpolluted stood! Britain, dauntless and alone, Lightly threw the hostile shock Backward from her island throne, Like the wild wave from the rock !-And her sons, to freedom true, Crowned her fame at Waterloo-For on British valour never Could avail his fraud or force, Smiling at each vain endeavour Still she staved his impious course: Recreant and dismayed he fled When a Briton reared his head. Acre saw his coward flight, From before a British Knight; Egypt saw him leave her strand Skulking from a British band. Safe on Gallia's guilty shore On his impious course he bore; Then Marengo saw his slaughters, Jena, Austerlitz, Eylau, And the Danube's crimson waters Saw the blood of millions flow. Millions each returning hour Sacrificed to rear his power; Millions sacrificed to him, Idol bloody foul and grim; But the retribution due Waited him at Waterloo. Does thy race degenerate youth,
Boast hereditary truth?
And dost thou their recreant son
Adulate Napoleon?

\* \* \* \*

But Iberia burst her chain, Britain lent her saving hand; Then once more he felt how vain Struggling with a British band— Trembled then the Tyrant's power, As approached his fateful hour: Though in fury he went forth, Thundering on the distant North. Salamanca's fearful story Followed with portentous glare, Roused the rugged Russ to glory Plunged the Tyrant in despair— Where are now the thousand legions Gathered from his vassal regions, That of wealth and conquest dreaming Over passed the peaceful Niemen? Moscow lighted their undoing, Berezyna saw their ruin; Flying o'er the trackless waste, Seeking sepulture in snow, Hurrying in breathless haste From the vengeance of the foe.— In that hideous day of grief Where was found their daring chief? Did he seek a glorious ending In the vaward of his slaves?— No, but Dnieper saw him wending Through the stillness of the night, Stealing into coward flight, Silent o'er her silent waves.

\* \* \* \*

Still survived the power of hell! Still unbroken was the spell! Leipsic saw it dashed asunder, Paris heard the Prussian thunder; Then the caitiff Tyrant banished To his prison in the ocean, Deemed we well the days had vanished Of wild outrage and commotion. Falsely deemed we, for again Issued forth the scourge of men; Onward rushing, till he met With the British bayonet, Then he found the vengeance due To his crimes at Waterloo— And is this thine idol Harold? Is the despot Freedom's child That in Freedom's garb apparelled Can inspire thy measures wild? Yes 'tis fit that thou alone Adulate Napoleon.— Well too fits it that thy lays, Chanted to a tyrant's praise, Should exalt a ruffian's glory O'er the names of modern story. Though that monster could assume Royal Bourbon's snowy plume, While his brother ruffian's hand Carried carnage through the land; Though awhile a Bourbon's crown Sparkled on his upstart head. Justice hurled the villain down, To the undistinguished dead, And the groaning earth was rid Of the butcher of Madrid.

\* \* \* \*

To a plant of rancorous root

Do we owe this hateful fruit; To the poisonous Gallic tree Falsely called of Liberty! Hideous plant with slaughter nourished! That in human misery flourished! Offspring fell of Force and Knavery, Bearing Tyranny and Slavery! From that baleful plant of hell Marat, Robespierre, and Danton In the germ untimely fell; But the fruit in full maturity Of its venomous impurity Ripen'd in Napoleon.— Till the British lightning flashing Full upon its lurid trunk, Fruit, and trunk, and branches crashing, To its native hell it sunk. Never more to rise again But in Harold's gloomy strain. Vain thy prophecies of ill, That those dreadful times returning Treason once again shall fill The sad earth with grief and mourning. Vainly do such visions rise To thy misanthropic eyes! That they never can be true, Look, and think of Waterloo! Hie then to disgrace and shame, Let thy serpent hissing cease! Slanderer of woman's fame! Ruiner of woman's peace! Into dark oblivion flee, Think not that a thing like thee Can detract the glory due From the men of Waterloo.

### ST. HELENA.

May, 1818.

Ye cliffs dark and dreary that frown o'er the main, Like dross from a furnace confusedly hurl'd; That pent in your iron bound limit restrain The scourge of our versatile world:

Oh whether midst Nature's convulsions and throes, When fire with the Ocean contended for power, Your rocks from a submarine crater arose, And fell in a chaotic shower.

Or if ye once fenced that magnificent isle, Whose beauty the pages of Plato disclose, Where happiness sheds its retributive smile On bowers of eternal repose.

Oh! whether a remnant of Eden or hell,
Look well, ye rude cliffs, to your perilous trust:
Remember there now is confined in your dell
The Friend of war, famine and lust.

And in that deep dell tho' a paradise bloom,
Though nature in fulness of beauty be there!
To him bloom and beauty are horror and gloom,
And peace but remorse and despair.

For fires more intense than the flames of your birth In his bosom of baffled malignity rage, And, to satiate his rancour, the desolate earth Were now too contracted a stage!

Though guarded by dragons, your apples of gold Were once by the craft of a pirate purloined. And poets have chanted, and chroniclers told, Of the woes which they wrought to mankind,

The woes which they wrought were but showers of the spring

To the wild wintry tempest of vengeance and blood,

Which, if the foul Vulture recover his wing, Will follow his flight o'er the flood.

Then look, ye dark cliffs, to your ominous trust;
For if he escape ye by force or by guile,
The tempest he wings, in its earliest burst,
Will wither thy desolate isle.

Deserted and loathed by the rest of the earth,
Foul creatures of carnage shall lord o'er each dell,
And the curse of mankind will attribute your birth
To a penal eruption of hell.\*

<sup>\*</sup> The eighth and tenth stanzas are supplied by a superior pen; and of the others he who now writes can only claim the outline.

#### KANDI

#### 1820.

Marshes and quagmires, puddles, pools and swamps, Dark matted jungles and long plashy plains, Exhaling feetid airs and mortal damps, By Kandyan perfidy miscalled a road, Through which the luckless traveller must wade, Uncheered by sight of man—or man's abode! Gladly I give to you these farewell strains Nor e'er again would your repose invade. I loathe your noisome fogs—your poisonous mud, And the sad stillness of the sultry wood, Without a sound the sickening heart to cheer. Oh when shall I the western sea breeze hear, Bearing old Ocean's intermitted roar, As wave succeeding wave assails the sounding shore!

## HOME.

## 1820.

Dear quiet home, while many a darkening hour Of doubtful presage on my fortunes rose, And servile caution shunned my dangerous door As frowned the vulgar pride of upstart power, Still here in peace and love I found repose, For peace, and love, and Harriet, were my own, And now these gloomy times are past and gone, Though I do miss the voices that would raise

The shout of infant joy as I appeared, (That darling band by distance dearer grown, Yet still to Heavenly goodness be the praise) In thee, dear home, are all my labours cheered; In thee all means of happiness combine, For peace, and love, and Harriet, still are mine.



### WEDDED LOVE.

July 23, 1820.

And is it so—twelve years to day Since first I called my Harriet wife? Can Wedded Love without decay, Gild such a portion of our life? Yet Poets sing, and sages sav, That Brides and ardent Bridegrooms soon Awaken from the dream of love And little of its rapture prove Beyond the transient honey moon: Indeed 'tis told—but scarce believed. That for twelve moons a faith unshaken Has sometimes glowed with constant flame; And then the parties claimed a prize, As if a feat they had achieved, Magnificent in human eyes And loves expiring sway retrieved, And once a century thus—a claim Is made for Dunmore's flitch of Bacon. But since beyond a twelve month none Stands on record in song or history, This case of mine I needs must own Becomes a most perplexing mystery; Because, however time has gone, I feel, and sure 'tis passing strange,

As if a week had scarce passed over, As if I were a youthful lover, Without a wish my lot to change. And Harriet—by that smile so dear, (For well her smile can I translate,) Tells me I have no cause to fear That her affection can abate: Then as through life we downward steer. With hearts not likely to grow colder, Our love shall time itself deride As with the stream we gently glide, Although we must grow somewhat older. But may not this be all a dream. An unsubstantial pleasing show, Or are these waters Mutwal's stream. Is this the ocean spread below? Is this fierce ray the vernal beam? Is you blue peak my native hill? Grow those tall palms on Slaney's side? Is you wild surf our gentle tide? Be still my beating heart—be still— Far from the scenes of early joys, From seven dear pledges of our love, Our gentle girls and lively boys, Substantial blessings still we prove, Such as from pure affection rise: And even on Mutwal's banks can trace Remembrance of a milder day, While on you speaking canvas play The features of each darling face.— Then be it so—twelve years to day Since first I called my Harriet wife, Though my brown locks be turned to grey, And wrinkles mark my date of life, Blessed in her smile I only pray To keep that blessing to the end; And that our dear ones long may prove Memorials of our faithful love, My wife, my mistress, and my friend.

## BAWL BLOCKHEADS, BAWL.

(A Radical Song.)

Air "Fall Tyrants, fall!"

1820.

The voice of experience is lost upon fools,
And history teaches in vain;
Then, blockheads, a fig for all rational rules,
And shout for the bones of Tom Paine.
Bawl Blockheads, Bawl, Bawl, Bawl,
These are Folly's happy days;
Bawl Blockheads, Bawl.

How delightful to act on a stage of our own
All the pranks of republican France;
Down, down with the Church, and demolish the
Throne,
And join in the Carmagnole dance.
Bawl, &c.

And down with the Bank, and the 'Change, and St. Paul's,

Let London run rivers of blood,

And shout in his ear, as each egotist falls,

"It is all for the general good."

Bawl, &c.

No matter what misery mankind endure,
If it forward the demagogue's plan;
What blood has effected—more blood must secure
And what is the life of a man?
Bawl, &c.

Burdett, Hunt, and Cobbett in transient sway,
May then be exalted on high:
So Robespiere, Danton, and Marat, had their day,
Though now "dark and unlovely they lie."
Bawl, &c.

Away with the gallows so sombre and slow, And up with the brisk guillotine; So each in his turn, by his rival laid low, May be quickly removed from the scene. Bawl, &c.

And down with the merchants, the priests, and the lawyers,

The noble, the learned and the great;

And up with the tinkers, and taylors, and sawyers,

Till vagabonds govern the state.

Bawl, &c.

## SIRMIO.

(From Catullus.) February, 1821.

Sirmio of all peninsulas or isles,
That or on quiet lake or boundless sea
Neptune embraces—with what joyous smiles
How pleased, dear lovely spot, I come to thee:
Scarcely believing I have left behind,
Bithynia's plains, and thee in safety find.
Oh what more bless'd than, when relieved from
care.

The mind throws off its burthen, and o'er worn With foreign toil—we come to our own chair,

And on the bed we longed for sink till morn!
This, this alone has recompensed my pain—
Hail beauteous Sirmio!—for thy master's sake,
Rejoice through all the waters of thy lake,
While through my household halls loud mirth and
laughter reign.

#### TO HARRIET.

July 23, 1821.

I heard my anxious Harriet say, As on that group her eyes she bent, "Oh might I hope to see that day;" And well I knew what day she meant— Oh grant it Heaven, that she may prove That day of joy, that day of love!

When once again on Britain's shore Her homeward footsteps she may trace— That happy day which may restore Seven loved ones—to her fond embrace. In thy dear mercy, gracious Heaven, Protect and keep that darling seven!

And should it be thy blessed will, That I with her that day should see; A hope I humbly cherish still, Oh what a day 'twill be for me; When I behold (our exile past,) Our children and our home at last.

My Harriet, now a thirteenth year Has closed upon our wedded state!

And, Harriet, you are still more dear Than when you first pronounced my fate. Six annual circuits of the sun, But passed—and then our goal is won!

Nor let such hope presumptuous seem, Which, founded upon years of bliss, Indulges in the pleasing dream, That future years may be like this; My double confidence to prove In Heaven's high will, and Harriet's love.

But be it good, or be it ill, Our future days may have in store; Submissive to Almighty will, With grateful hearts we will adore His name from whom all blessings flow In Heaven above and Earth below.

#### July 23rd, 1822.

Tuesday, July the twenty-third, Our wedding-day and not a word, In honour of that happy day, When Harriet gave herself away; And not a line in verse or prose, To celebrate our Darling Rose; How could I such a recreant prove, To Harriet's happiness and love. Let me collect my puzzled wit, I've two good hours to breakfast yet, And may with diligence be able, To lay an offering on the table. And now a fourteenth year is past Of calm domestic happiness, And every year so like the last, So much to love so much to bless, That did not some beloved name Serve as a mark to fix the date, And now thank Heaven those names are eight, Each year would seem to be the same. To mark this year of calm repose And decorate our Indian bower My Harriet brings a beauteous flower Her smiling cherub lovely Rose. And be it soon her happy lot Across the main to bear her prize, And twine it with that happy knot That blooms beneath the western skies. On that loved knot all bounteous Power All good, all mighty, and all just, In whom we live, in whom we trust, Thy Heavenly grace and blessing shower.

## July 23rd, 1823.

My years roll on but rarely now,
My pen in numbers tries to flow;
Or if a simple strain
Awakes at some delightful thought,
The spark is chilled as soon as caught,
And all is dark again.

Yet is there still one darling theme,
On which poetic raptures seem,
About my soul to hover;
This day, this joyful happy day,
When Harriet gave herself away,
To bless her faithful lover.

And Harriet when this day we hail,
Our mutual thanks can never fail,
To him whose holy will;
On us so bountifully pours,
A ceaseless stream of peaceful hours,
Pure and unsullied still.

And for our dear and lovely seven,
Our earthly gifts from favouring heaven,
Our anxious prayers arise;
In his protection we confide,
For those dear pledges who abide,
Beneath far distant skies.

If fluttered by a mail delayed,
Think how those feelings are repaid,
When comes the cheering tale;
When the dear letters skimmed in haste,
Give our Parental hearts a taste
Of joys that ne'er can fail.

And for our Oriental Rose,
See how her infant beauty grows,
And see her mind expand;
Think the delight that we may meet,
Should we once see those precious feet,
On our dear Father land.

Thanks be to Heaven we have enjoyed,
Blessings which have not failed or cloyed,
And can we hope for more;
Yes, let us from his bounteous hand,
A guidance back to that dear land,
With humble heart implore.

In the sweet vallies of the west,
To pass our waning days at rest,
Removed from strife and state;
And in deep dell or grassy combe,
Or near our old paternal tomb,
Our final summons wait.

For this past year of happy days,
Again I lift my voice of praise,
And from my heart I give it;
For sure of all that I have passed,
Had I to choose I'd take the last,
And wish again to live it.

## July 23rd, 1824.

Another year brings round our nuptial day,
And though one heavy cloud has dimned the year,
And from my Harriet drawn the filial tear,
Yet have we much of gratitude to pay;
For health to us and ours benignly spared,
When pestilence and death around us glared.

And she we mourn too well her task had done, Too long had pined in agony and pain, That in our selfishness we should retain, One who her prize had gained, her race had run; Oh! be it ours her happy lot to share, Without her anguish, but with hopes as fair

Yes, we have much of gratitude to pay,
That our dear loved ones in a distant land,
Are still protected by his mighty hand,
Which when a parent it had ta'en away,
Raised other guardians in her stead to prove,
Successors in her kind and careful love.

A few months more, should Heaven extend our days,

And we with those beloved ones may join,
Or by the lonely Taw, or wandering Teign,
To celebrate with them his glorious praise;
Meantime with joy and gratitude e'en here,
My Harriet let us close our sixteenth year.

## July 23rd, 1825.

The anxious sailor who for many a day,
Through changing climes his homeward progress
bends,

Marks duly on his chart the vessel's way, And still rejoices as the line extends; Altho' that line for many a league has passed, Through an unvaried dull and trackless waste.

But should some pleasant object, cape or isle, In lovely nature's verdant livery rise, Where cheering marks of habitations smile, And once more gladden his long wearied eyes, Still on the scene delighted will he dwell, He almost thinks it is the home he loves so well. So many a tedious hour I count away,
Of dull uninteresting listless time,
Yet glad to hope that every passing day,
Brings me still nearer to the western clime,
And as upon the formost prow I stand,
I catch the earliest gleam that marks the shadowy
land.

But when this day returns, another year, Of nuptial happiness and home-felt bliss, Upon my memory rises, and tho' dear They all have been, yet none more dear than this, That gave me with my inmost love to twine The youngest blossom of my darling nine.

Take dearest Harriet now the seventeenth time
The homely offerings of my grateful heart,
Tho' clad in halting verse and uncouth rhyme,
You value them beyond the pride of art;
To you they breathe of truth and happy days,
And humble thanks to God and everlasting praise.

Oh! if he will, our nineteenth wedding day, May be the subject of a distant song, A hope which hourly sheds a brighter ray, And helps with steadier steps our course along, That ere two summers pass our feet may rest, In the green vallies of the lovely west.

July 23rd, 1826.

And now another year has rolled along, And my loved Harriet adds another gem, To those that decorate my annual song; A song tho' rude, yet dear to her and them. Another year beneath this fervid sky, Chequered abroad, of peace and love at home, Of blessings deeply felt, of cares that fly, As light and transient as the ocean form.

Pass but another year and we may share, With all our loved ones under milder skies, Dear Devon's verdant lawns and balmy air; That now each hour in nearer prospect rise.

Heaven speed that happy hour to crown our toil, Requiting as for many an anxious day, When those dear eyes again on us shall smile, And those dear lips our kisses shall repay.

Yes, dearest Harriet, upon hopes like these, In humble confidence our views we rest, On these our wishes fly beyond the seas, And look for quiet in the lovely west.

That Heaven may speed that hour let us implore, And tho' the scene of many a happy year, Without regret we leave this sultry shore, Nor give Ceylon the tribute of a tear.

ON THE ILLNESS OF KING GEORGE III.

Written in Dublin, 1788.

The voice of joy is silent! O'er the plains,
Where harmony and mirthful innocence,
Late tuned the vocal reed,—see black dispair,
Crawl from his horrid den; unwilling quite
To leave the loathsome hole, yet goaded forth
By sharp anxiety's tormenting sting,
Fast urging onward to the thorny seat,

Of certain Grief, who sits enthroned far In the bleak wilds, where sad Misfortune reigns. The heavens themselves restrain the plenteous tears Which used to fall, when death's destructive darts, Envenomed new by Autumn's poisoned air, Swept off the thousands to his dark abode. The tearful clouds in dread suspense are held, And universal nature seems to pause, Till sable Eurus, blacker than of yore, Shall waft the certain news of joy or grief, For the loved Father of his people lies, Distressed by sharp disease, whose cankering tooth Prevs on his intellect: unconscious now. Of that dear love his goodness long has gained, He counts the sad and sleepless hours away, Or fired with passion, breaks the brittle bonds. Of Sacred Reason; then with rage fatigued, Fore-spent with violence, sinks down again, And darts a ray of sense. Wide o'er his realms, The cheerful light awakens hope, and calls The flash of joy from every sparkling eye.— So the fierce tempests o'er some verdant plain, Collect their sable troops—from every side. In dark solemnity they come,—and now The prospect blackens round,—the whistling winds, Proud of their strength begin to roar,—down falls The piercing sleet or driving snow, they rage Long time unchecked, till in his native strength, Sol darts a genial ray, the saddened plains Brighten with verdure, and the cheering green Flows o'er the distant lawns, then fades again. The momentary beam, and all is night!!

#### ODE TO POVERTY.

## March, 1789.

Tremendous power, whose grievous chain. Half naked limbs and chilling mien. Can o'er the Sons of Poesy prevail: Thou tyrant by thy subjects feared. No temple to thy name is reared. But the dark horrors of a gloomy goal. When the sweet monarch of the tuneful nine. Was erst reduced to tend Thessalian kine. Eternal enmity to thee he swore, And thence the dread resolve imprest. On every future poet's breast, Which age succeeding age confirms the more: But thou fierce power, with rankling hatred torn. Cast on his threats reproach and scorn. And as to mock his firm decree. And ridicule his enmity. Hast chained the infant bard as soon as born. While then the favorites of the nine. Under thy chilling influence pine, Yet still immortal fame embalms the song, To distant times our memory lives, And though no generous patron gives. Yet all revere the tuneful throng. Descend my muse, in clouds of smoke Enwrap't, for want of other cloak, Though far more grateful to my eyes, The fragrant vapours rise, Which from a fat sir loin ascend. And while they column to the skies, To the pleased scent, a feast voluptuous lend. While through the clattering broken pane, The zephyrs moist with drizzling rain, Search the lone corner where I sit.

By the small taper's trembling light, Aided by fancy's power, I write, Satire or praise, morality or wit, Alack what noise is this?—it is the muse. Breathing sweet odours of Olympian dews, She comes to fire my lyric strain! Ah no! it is a fierce relentless dun. Infernal Plutus' stern obdurate son. Where shall I run To avoid his strong enslaving gripe? Ah now the noise approaches nigh, Whither, ah whither, shall I fly, I smell the perfume of his sooty pipe; Ah Fancy, motley daughter of the brain, Why dost thou these ideal terrors feign? 'Twas but grimalkin with her captive prey, That o'er the smoky rafters took her way, And tossed the wretched mouse, in fierce vindic-[tive play:

But see my taper tremblingly expire; Dark is my dwelling, silent be my Lyre.

On THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY.

June, 4, 1792.

While panting nations pause for breath, And Discord's throat has ceased to roar, While bending o'er the field of death, Stands Gallia, grim with human gore; The muse with horror, turns th' averted eye, No more she views the sanguined plains, A nobler theme demands her grateful strains, The praise of George the good and virtuous liberty.

Happy nation's glorious king, While howling tempests tear th' neighbouring coast Where hope and fear for ever on the wing, Flit thro' the troubledair, and vex each hostile host, The sister islands lift their heads in peace; And tho' the storms of war in angry chase, Yell round their ears, in vain the hell hounds roar. 'Gainst Albion's chalky cliffs or Erin's verdant shore. Mirth and frolic haste to me. Sons of joy, and sons of glee, In mutual gladness now your voices raise, In songs of love, and songs of praise. Let our thanks ascend the skies. Let George's name be heard around, Until the sound Shall rise to join celestial harmonies; So shall the universal orbit sing With praises of our honor'd king.

# CARE, an ODE.

Sept. 1796.

" Hence, busy Phantom, and be still,

"Why wilt thou thus my peace destroy,

" Anticipating future ill,

" Embittering every present joy.

"Where e'er I turn, where e'er I tread,

"Thy form incessant meets my eye,

"Abroad, at home, awake, abed, "In vain to shun that form I try."

"Beware," the Phantom cries, beware,

" Nor thus avoid thy truest friend,

"Thou canst not fly me, I am Care,

" And still must on thy steps attend.

"Though in the ruby swelling bowl,

"Thou wouldst thine anxious spirit steep,

"Still would I haunt thy wakeful soul,

" My power will chase the power of sleep.

" Though thou shouldst seek the splendid scenes,

" Of midnight mirth, and noisy joy;

- "Thy heart shall wear my clanking chains, "And with their sound, thy mirth annoy.
- " Not even the discord of the bar,

" Shall my incessant whispers drown,

"Though clamourous be the wordy war,

" And endless be the silken gown.

- " For shame, shalt thou sit idly here,
- "And thus thy early youth consume,

"Without some pleasing hope to cheer,

" And lead thee through life's thickest gloom.

" Is not all Europe roused to arms,

"And does thy swelling heart beat high,

" Have robes, or silken gowns, no charms,

" Thy ardent soul to gratify."

"Alas though Europe gleams in arms," (Roused by this last reproach, I cry,)

"Though robes and silken gowns have charms

" Ambitious souls to gratify.

" To me, capricious Fate denies,

" To seek for honors in the field,

"Nor can I bid my hopes arise,
"The thunder of the bar to wield.

(( Since howless love and and doors

"Since hapless love, and sad despair,

" Against my peace combine, " For I must call Eliza fair,

" And never hope to call her mine.

- "But hark, I hear the hostile sound,
- "Now roars the dreadful drum,
- "The Gallic foe, our shore has found,
- "The robbers of the world are come.
- "Away, ye slothful robes of peace,
- "To warlike trappings yield,
- "Your idle clamour, gownsmen, cease,
- " And hurry to the field.
- "There let me, rushing on the foe,
- "Where full and fiercely glows the strife,
- "At once my miseries forego,
- "And end my cares and end my life."

## MORNING.

## May 17th, 1797.

(When on duty with the Lawyers' Cavalry.)

#### 1

The weary circuit of the night is o'er, The sleepy guard strolls homeward to his bed; While bright Aurora on the eastern shore, Dapples the early clouds with glowing red.

#### 2

(Oft through the night, I cast an upward eye, While o'er the pavement clicked the frequent hoof; To watch the chamber where my love might lie, And call down blessings on her happy roof.) 3

To calmer, happier minds I leave repose, And wander pensive to the silent plains; The splendid Sun in golden lustre glows, And the shrill lark pours out his matin strains.

4

The homely linnet swells his grateful throat, The glossy black-bird echoes thro' the grove; The pye's loud chattering, and the cuckoo's note, Join in the blissful harmony of love.

5

Soft is the breath of morn—the vernal rose, That hides her meek head from the vulgar gaze; Now her pale bosom to the sun-beam shews, And drinks the liquid glory of his rays.

6

The flaunting wall-flower streaked with many an hue,

The stocks dark purple, and the tulip's bloom; The yellow jonquil and the violet blue, Fill all around with beauty and perfume.

7

Ah why when nature spreads such music round, Does my dull heart in sullen discord sigh; When such gay colours paint the smiling ground, Why swells the tear of sadness in mine eye.

8

When last with joy, I hailed the coming spring, (Twelve tedious moons have since revolved away;) How pleased was I to hear the black-bird sing, Or the blithe lark proclaim the opening day.

9

Then light and jocund o'er the painted fields, I gaily roved—from love's dominion free; Then every charm that bounteous nature yields, Gladdened my heart, and was a charm to me.

10

Until (vain fool) I thought Eliza smiled, Then swelled my breast with hopes delightful dream; The sweet delusion every sense beguiled, And soon my heart acknowledged love supreme.

11

But fancy raised me to a giddy height, To dash me down-ward with more grievous fall; To hurl my young hopes into blacker night, While my vain sighs upon Eliza call.

12

For with averted eye and chilling mein, She turns disdainful from my anxious sighs; Or in her looks indignant scorn is seen, And anger flashes from her radiant eyes.

13

How can I then the smiling morning hail, Or taste the soft breath of the opening spring; Catch the sweet perfume rising on the gale, Or joy to hear the glossy black-bird sing.

14

But dead to nature's charms—to all but love, I wander pensive o'er the lonely plains; Unmoved, unjoyed, through painted fields I rove, And with a dull ear hear the black-bird's strains.

#### SONNET.

#### A MOON-LIGHT SCENE.

Yes I must ever love the moon's soft beam,
When first she rises o'er yon eastern hill;
And every rude discordant sound is still,
Whether she tip the trees with scanty light,
Or through the foliage pours her silver stream;
For 'twas at such a time, on such a night,
That wrapt in fancy's most delicious dream,
I saw Eliza—heard her softly speak,
In sweetest chiding to my eager love;
While not a whispering zephyr dared to move
The tresses spread upon her blushing cheek;
And though her looks were seeming to reprove,
Yet did our hands in trembling union meet,
And feel our conscious hearts in throbs responsive
beat.



## FAREWELL FOR EVER.

May, 1803.

Flown are my dreams of joy—and hope is vain, Vain every effort—vain each fond endeavour; My anxious humble wishes to explain, And I must bid—alas!—farewell for ever.

Yet justly from presumptuous hopes I fall, Since blind with love, with ardent passion burning; In that bright eye, which kindly beamed on all, My fancy found a smile that love returning. Cruel mistake. Ah! why did I aspire, To seek a heart which owned a happier lover; Why ere I fanned the still consuming fire, Did not my fears the dreadful truth discover.

Ah why—but let me not obtrude my woes, Upon those eyes so cruel, yet so tender; My grief should interrupt not her repose, My misery should not her less happy render.

From my presumption, all my miseries spring, And to my hapless fate I yield—and never May such a pang Eliza's bosom wring, As that with which I bid—farewell for ever.

## REFLECTION.

June, 1803.

To die—and with me to the silent tomb, Bring the last relic of an ancient name; To plunge its honours in oblivion's gloom, No more to start forth at the call of Fame.

To see myself the last of all my race, No child to honour, and no wife to love; No son in whom my lineaments to trace, No daughter's eye my fond caress to prove.

But joy-less, solitary, still to pine, To waste in aches and pangs the fretful day; To snatch a short forgetfulness from wine, And with a sad heart labour to be gay.

Is this to be my lot—has Heaven designed,
An heart disposed for love, to waste alone,
Has Providence bestowed a liberal mind,
To seek no creature's well-fare but mine own?

Ah no! I feel my anxious heart expand, And ask a partner all its joys to share; Its ceaseless throbs a kindred heart demand, Ah! would that kindred heart attend its prayer.

#### THE CHAPTER OF KINGS.

The crowned heads since the conquest who ruled this good nation,

Lately quitted their graves for a jollification;
The shades had a supper on one of our coasts,
And the waiters were pot-bellied beef-eaters ghosts.

Luna shone out above them to scatter the dark, As they sat on the sands above high water mark, For the tide though Canute bade it stop they were told,

Splashed His Majesty's small clothes, and gave him a cold.

These defunct Kings and Queens had a wormeaten train,

Of the Statesmen, Wits, Heroes, and toasts of each reign,

Thus Elizabeth, Burleigh and Bacon brought in, Charles the Second made Rochester come with Nell Gwyn.

The chair, Norman Billy the Conqueror claimed, For putting out candles at eight o'clock famed; But we're ghosts now said Billy, and midnights our own,

And I cannot toll curfew to put out the moon.

King Rufus desired that no venison they'd put on, For when hunting it last he was killed dead as mutton:

Bring no lampreys says Henry the First for alack, They killed me about seven hundred years back.

When King Stephen bade Thomas-a-Becket say grace,

King Henry the second made up a wry face, While Dick Cœur de Lion not caring a damn, Like a Lion attacked a whole quarter of lamb.

King John growing tipsy cried lets have a toast, Bring the best magnum bonum Old England can boast,

The best magnum bonum his barons could find, Was his own Magna Charta at Runnimede signed.

Harries, Edwards, and Richards, the last of them humpy,

Fuddled noses together till some appeared grumpy; For the York apparitions drank white wine 'tis said,

While the Lancaster ghosts would touch nothing but red.

For the Roses cried Henry the Seventh I entwine'em And like port mixed with sherry in marriage I join'em;

Marriage Henry the Eighth said a good thing of course is,

But two other good things are Jack Ketch and divorces.

King Edward the Sixth with the rest did not sup, For a boy of sixteen was too young to sit up; But Queen Mary was there to our annals a blotch, And Queen Bess with her ruff, and King James with his Scotch.

Charles the First, but the dew falling thick on the shore,

Seemed the tears of our Isle for his murder of yore;

Charles the Second wept too, nought could comfort afford him,

Till a bumper, like General Monk, had restored him.

A card of excuse came from Jamie the Second, But the party had scarce on his company reckon'd, For paler than lemons he fled from his throne, And the Oranges instantly made it their own.

The Third William stood forward sans circumlocution.

To drink to the memory of our famed revolution; Cried Queen Ann still may Britons the Ocean command,

And ere long may a Marlborough march on French land.

As the spirits broke up ere the sun shed his rays, To the shades of two Georges they gave loud huzzas,

Through the rocks the loud echo of Brunswick was heard,

Long live England's Monarch, God bless George the Third.

#### SHAKSPEARE.

Bard of undying fame whose magic lyre
Through many an age still yields its notes of fire,
Thy name illum'd by genius' brightest rays
Needs not the tribute of a meaner praise:
Yet if each heart-string give its fond applause,
Tis but the echo which thy music draws,
Nor can each bard the voice of praise refrain,
But brings the offering tho' but weak the strain;
In the full chorus notes so low as mine
Must die unheard, and yet the tribute line
E'en from my harp sweet Shakspeare shall be
thine.

Thy muse was nature who by Avon's stream, Smil'd on her slumbering child's enchanted dream; Unveil'd the mystic grandeur of her face, And bade thee copy every secret grace. And whilst thou trembled at the high command Truth lent her pencil to thy doubtful hand, Taught thee to seize each line, each varying hue, Until to life the perfect portrait grew, Which still our hearts acknowledge, as we view. But frolic Fancy saw with envious eyes, Colors so bright adorn realities, And lur'd thee far away to fairy bowers Where elfin revels speed Titania's hours; Where spells are ambush'd in each flow'ret fair, That breathes its odours to the midnight air. Then led thee far o'er yet untravelled seas, To that lone isle whose music haunted breeze Fanned bright Miranda's brow, its lovely queen, Fair as the pearls in ocean caves unseen, The spell girt shore by magic links enchained, The spirit peopled realm where Prosper reigned:

Scenes of the south to which its sunny heaven A bright mythology has smiling given. But thou hast followed far thine airy guide To northern climes where gloomier phantoms glide, The blasted heath, the tempest darken'd skies, Where the wier'd sisters bid their spirits rise; The pallid moon to deeper paleness fright Reluctant witness of each horrid rite: Drag unborn ages from the womb of time, And beckon onwards through red gulfs of crime, To blood bought honors the ambitious Thane, Till ruin closes o'er his meteor reign. Oh vain the crown that so much guilt has bought, The dream'd of joys its splendor has not brought; In vain the board with festive gladness spread, A sudden gloom is o'er that banquet shed; But 'twas not fancy's spell that bade arise Th' avenging spectre to the murderers eyes; 'Twas nature lent the lamp, and bade thee mark The deep recesses of a heart so dark; Where throned like nightmare on his troubled breast.

Remorse has doomed him never more to rest;
While pallid Fear to execute the doom
Evokes her spectres from their gory tomb.
E'en thus, when Fancy's power had bodied forth
The royal Dane revisiting the earth,
'Twas nature bade thee trace o'er Hamlet's mind
The sad eclipse that phantom left behind.
To critic laws let other Poets bend,
In tears begin the scene, in sorrow end,
But nature's guidance taught her Shakspeare's
hand

To range the smile and tear in rainbow band; We jest with Beatrice, but mourn the wrongs Of Hero "done to death by sland rous tongues." In Ardennes groves let Jacques give the tear To human misery or the stricken deer, They're brighten'd by the gems of wit that shine On the young brow of lovely Rosaline. But though no classic rules thy pages own, Though classic lore to thee was all unknown, Yet painted here in colors sternly true The haughty Roman frowns upon our view; The banished Marcus thirsting for a flood To slake his burning ire of Roman blood. But lo! the suppliant female train appears 'Tis quenched far better in a mother's tears. The sterner Brutus whose unyielding hand Guides towards his victim friend the murderous band

In vain affection in his heart would plead
At freedom's altar must that victim bleed.
That blood stain'd idol through whose empty name
So many crimes the page of history shame,
Yes, darker tales than ever fiction told,
Of deeper interest can that page unfold.
The muse of history on her brow may bind
The cypress wreath with laurels fair entwined,
And there may Shakspeare weave with skilful

hand The fairest flowers that bloom in fairy land; From where tradition's doubtful light is cast Shrouded by mists that veil the shadowy past; The crownless king, the worse than childless aire. Outraves the war of winds, the tempest's ire: To where the torch of history burns more clear Like Banquo's mirrored race our kings appear. The voice of weeping o'er her captive child Despairing Constance mourns in accents wild, Yet when those bitter drops of grief were shed She dream'd not where the helpless boy was led; The dungeon solitude, more hideous made When ruffian forms its echoing walls invade; She did not hear the tyrant's stern command Nor view the glowing steel, th' uplifted hand;

Oh had they been to those sad eves reveal'd Death would have pitied, and her lids have sealed, She had not lived to know what strong defence Are childhood's prayers and gentle innocence.-Through the tumultuous city's joyous throng Proud Bolingbroke triumphant sweeps along; To grace that triumph and to glut that pride His captive monarch sorrows at his side; Bends 'neath the weight of grief his sacred head, Defiled with dust, and feels that hope is fled; All weep with him, but who refuse to smile When Falstaff's jests the midnight hours beguile; Tho' wisdom mourns amid that thoughtless band To mark the future ruler of the land.— But what are these mere scattered stars enroll'd In the bright galaxy I leave untold; Far brighter strains their varied splendors ask Sweet Shakspeare, I resign the unequal task; The only incense that should cloud thy shrine Demands a kindling torch as bright as thine.

[I. F.]

#### TO MY FATHER'S PICTURE.

1.

Dear relic of the noblest mind, The kindest heart the purest worth; Oh vainly may we hope to find, Another such on earth.

2.

Too early lost, unknown too long, Yet prized and loved so well; Dearest of shades evoked among My thoughts by memory's spell.

3

I lov'd thee with a daughter's love, Though I might never share, By the high will of Him above, Thy fondness and thy care.

4.

Wide were the waves that roll'd between Our hearts that throb'd to meet; But darker gulfs now intervene, Since thine has ceased to beat.

5

Thy children hoped those wild waves should The exile home have borne; Now thou hast past the gloomy flood, Whence bark may ne'er return.

6.

The star of hope whose morning ray, Brighten'd our early years, Has usher'd in a sunless day, Dark with despairing tears.

7.

But is for ever set that star, And lost the hope it gave? Ah no! we hail it from afar, It shines beyond the grave.

8.

It tells us that thy spirit free, Has burst its earthly chain, That though awhile in fetters we Must sorrowing here remain, 9.

Yet when we pass death's dark abyss, Thou'lt greet us on that shore, Where hope is lost in perfect bliss, And sorrow known no more.

10.

Can thought of earthly weal or woe, On that repose intrude, Still for thy children canst thou feel, A fond solicitude?

11.

Our hearts cling to the dear belief, While lonely pilgrims here, Where every step is marked with grief, That dream has power to cheer.

12

Oh view our smiles too transient spark, Our tears unnumbered see, Our feeble efforts gladly mark To lead a life like thee.

13.

Like thine may be our death, an end To every shade of gloom, Sweetened by hope of such a friend, To greet beyond the tomb.

[I. F.]

#### ON ANNA'S SECOND BIRTH-DAY.

1834.

Oh thou whose everlasting love, Pours down all blessings from above, Hear while the voice of humble praise, To thine eternal throne I raise; This day on which thy goodness gave The dearest joy I have on earth, Save hope of those beyond the grave, This day which saw my darling's birth.

And oh when gazing on her sleeping, With love and grateful gladness weeping, I think how few short months are fled, Since watching by her restless bed, The fevered start, the wandering eyes, How must I praise that pitying power, Who heard my weak despairing cries, And spared me in that fearful hour.

Yes! lov'd one, thou art slumbering now, No cloud upon thy bright young brow, Fresh on thy pillow-cheek the rose, In calm and beautiful repose, As if some angel's wing were near, Fanning all evil things away, Or happy dreams had led thee dear, Amid lost Eden's bowers to play.

Ah! dreams indeed, for thou art still A fallen child, an heir of ill, One who will learn in after years, To steep her couch in midnight tears,

Such drops if now those dear eyes shed, Thy Mother's lips would kiss away; When I am numbered with the dead, Ah who will then thy griefs allay.

What eye will watch so fondly o'er thee, What heart ere feel as mine does for thee, Alas, though dearer far to thine, There'll none return a love like mine; Here darling thou may'st nestle now, When childhood's transient griefs molest, The day may come thy drooping brow, Will ache in vain for such a rest.

Time on his dark funereal wing,
Will sin and strife and sorrow bring,
Thy comfort seeking glance may find,
But the cold blight of looks unkind,
Thy spirit like the Patriarch's dove,
May long in vain seek rest below,
Alas we seldom seek above,
Till school'd by many a bitter woe.

Might I be spared till reason's ray,
First o'er thy morn of mind should play,
And be with strength divine supplied,
Heaven-ward thy infant thoughts to guide,
To mark thy joy, thy listning eye,
Melt into bright and holy tears,
Then lift its prayerful glance on high,
Oh that would calm my anxious fears.

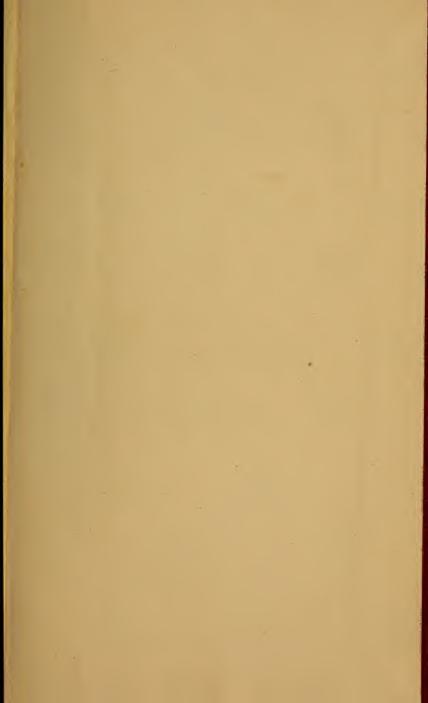
O Lord, on all thy mercies past, Should not my faith her anchor cast, And tho' the rugged path I dread, My darling's feet through life must tread, Trust that her Saviour will be near,
To shield her from the tempter's snares,
With heavenly light the way to cheer,
With love divine to sooth her cares.

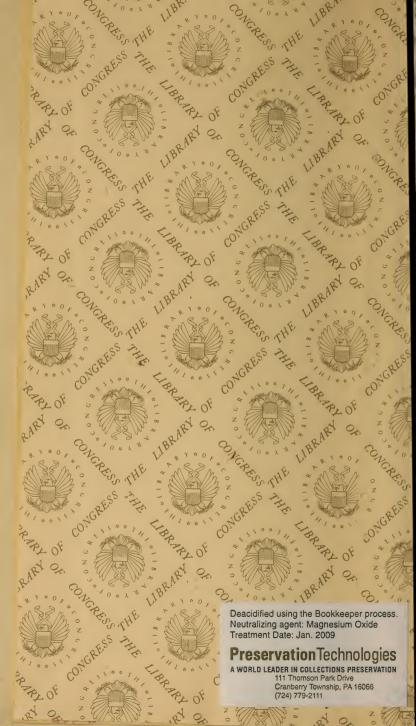
Oh let me trust like her who stood, In the old time by Egypt's flood, And trembling, yet confiding gave, Her cherished treasure to the wave: Thou who didst keep that fragile bark, My treasure's guardian deign to be, Watch o'er my helpless little bark, Just launched on life's tempestuous sea.

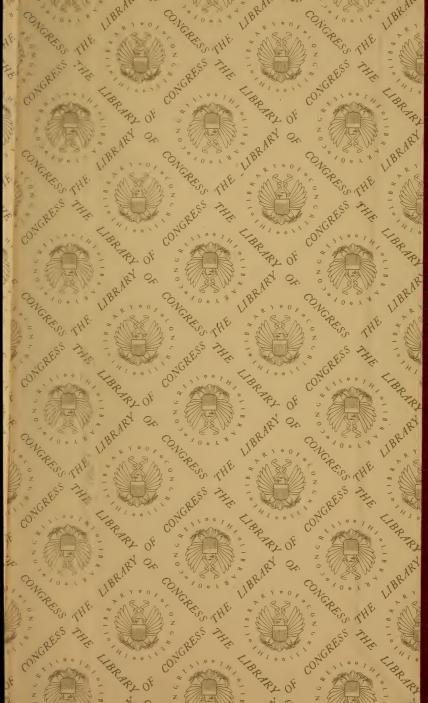
Methinks I hear those accents mild, Thy welcome to each blessed child, By Salem's daughters brought to thee, "Oh suffer such to come to me;" And wilt thou not my child receive, In thine eternal arms to rest, Ah yes! in hope assur'd I live, I know her safe, I know her blest.

[I. F.]









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 014 090 201 9